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POETRY

HAND IN HAND.

A little boy and a little girl
Together wending their schoolward way,
The dark contrasting the sunny curl,
They are ever together at task or play,
He carries her books, she holds his hand
With a trust that neither quite understand.

New-wedded, a youth and maid forth fare
From the village church for a humble home,
The burdens and joys of life to share,
Never apart in the world to roam.
For him alone do the sweet eyes shine,
Her hand in his with a trust divine.

A cradle between them softly rocked,
With its tenant pillowed in slumber sweet,
Their glances meeting, their hands fast-locked,
And their hearts a-throb with a rhythmic beat,
In silence their prayers ascend above
For the lily pledge of their sacred love.

Head above head in soft degrees,
At study or sport by the evening fire,
Their children gather about their knees,
The joy in their hearts brims higher and higher.
Still hand in hand with their gentle fate,
This is the crown of their wedded state.

An aged pair to the fireside drawn,
No longer with them the dear ones are;
All, all from the roof-tree long since gone,
Married, or buried, or called afar.
Yet still, with the trust love understands,
Is there comfort and cheer in the clasp of hands.

Two mounds in the church-yard side by side,
Life's journey ended, its work complete;
But be sure that to them 'tis not denied,
Whose earthly lot was so fond and sweet,
To still fare forth in the Morning Land,
Onward and upward, hand in hand.

—*Baldwin's Monthly.*

STORY TELLER.

JEAN.

Little Jean D'Orsay came into the studio one fine May evening, bringing with her a gleam of outside light and the scent of violets.

"I have come for a long talk, Octavia," she said. "I have much to say, and you have much to listen to. Where is my old friend, our home-made couch? Oh, there it is, pushed away back in that dark corner. Octavia, how could you treat my handiwork with so little dignity?"

Then she pushed away with her pretty hands until the couch with its worn chintz covering and cushions was placed to her liking in the broad window, and she comfortably established thereon. The warm golden beams of the setting sun rested loving on her sweet face.

"And so, my dear," said I with a sigh of content, for I was very glad to have my Jean home once more, after an absence of many weeks, "you are really engaged to be married? I only heard the rumor, as true, the other day, and have waited for your own lips to tell me all about it, and as many of the secrets of love-making as you will confide to an old maid's keeping."

"Oh, yes, I am engaged," she answered carelessly; "but, Octavia, if you are pining for love secrets, I have none to tell. Surely you know as well as I do that it was all arranged long ago, before papa died. It was his dearest wish that I should marry the Baron von Stock, and abroad we are taught to obey our fathers, even though they die and leave us; and even without that we D'Orsays never break a word."

She said this simply and as a matter of course, taking off her rings one by one and making a little row of them on the top of the couch. She was very young, only just seventeen; but there was a ring of proud truth in her voice that showed that she had learned her lesson well.

"Yes, I know, child," I answered with another sigh, not so tranquil as my former one; "only, you see, I can neither understand nor believe in such keeping of one's word. Here in America, generally, a girl marries for one of two reasons: either because she loves, or because she is poor and needs a home. The latter can never be *your* case; then Jean, do you *love* the Baron von Stock?"

Jean shrugged her shoulders.

"He is fifty," she said, "and has gray hairs, and I am just seventeen, and, you know summer and winter can never agree. But I am a D'Orsay."

"D'Orsay or not D'Orsay," I replied, shortly, "I do not believe in such nonsense. Jean, do you realize what you are giving up in marrying a man you do not love?"

"I think I do, Octavia."

"Is there some one you do love, Jean?"

A long pause followed my question, during which Jean put on slowly the shining little circlets that belonged to her slim fingers. Then she said in a troubled voice:

"Octavia, that is just what I have come to tell you."

A peremptory knock at the door, followed by the immediate entrance and familiar voice of my favorite, Denis Durant, interrupted Jean's little confession.

"Are you here, Madame Octavia, all alone in the gloaming? And may I come in?"

"Come in and welcome, Denis, but when did you arrive? Your last letter said nothing of your intention to return so soon. You were on your way to Florida, then. Did you weary of the sunny south? or were the Florida girls less winning and beautiful than you expected?"

"No and yes, Madame Octavia. As to the Florida girls, fortunately for me, they did not make my entire community, for I had things to think about.

Denis crossed the long studio, and now stood beside us where we sat in the quick coming shadows. I turned to Jean to make them known to one another.

"Jean," I said, "this is your one rival in my affections; Denis, this is your only compeer in my heart."

I had proceeded thus far when I was shaken out of my usual calm by a gasping noise from among the cushions. Denis started forward, and to my utter dismay and astonishment, I saw him seize Jean's hands and cover them with eager kisses, while he said in a broken voice:

"*You* here, my darling! why, I thought—I never knew you and Madame Octavia were friends."

Then Jean's frightened little voice:

"Oh, please, you must not. Oh, Octavia, tell Mr. Durant all about it."

"Tell Mr. Durant all about it," I echoed; "indeed, I think it is you two should make explanations to me."

And so by degrees they told me. It was the same old story that is forever and forever repeating itself. They had met in Florida, gone sight-seeing and pleasure-seeking together until, as a foregone conclusion, they had come to love one another; and then—why then came Jean's summon home, followed by the formal betrothal to the Baron von Stock.

"She never let me know, Madame Octavia," said poor Denis, "when she was going, or why. Did she suppose I held her love so lightly won or so lightly lost? What if she is engaged to the Baron von Stock and bound by all the betrothals in Christendom, it doesn't matter in the least. No guardian can dispose of a girl in that way in this country. Jean, I tell you it shall not be. Don't you believe me, Jean?"

But Jean was sobbing quietly to herself, her face buried in her hands, only the soft, dark fringe of hair upon her brow visible.

"Jean," I said at last, "surely there is no cause for all these tears. It is quite simple; what Denis says is more or less true; the Baron will never hold you unwillingly to your word. Be frank with him, my dear; it is always the best way to be honest."

"You do not know, she answered, lifting her tear-drenched face into the moonlight that now streamed in soft effulgence through the open window, "what it means to *us* to have plighted out troth. It is only a little less binding than a marriage vow, and I, above all others, must not break mine; for, do you not know my dying father promised for me, and I may not soil his honor, though I might my own?"

And from this we could not move her. Denis was in despair, and I not less moved, for I loved these two children dearly, and in my secret heart had cherished the hope that they might one day become something nearer and dearer than friends.

Jean sobbed a little while longer, while Denis held one unresisting hand, and the kindly shadows of the calm May night wrapped us all in soft obscurity. Presently there came the sound of wheels and the trampling of horses in the quiet street below, and then my little maid appeared with her lisping message:

"Baron von Stock was waiting for Miss D'Orsay."

So Jean dried her tears, put her hat over her dark, ruffled hair, gave her hand calmly to Denis, kissed me hastily, and then we were alone. The horses pranced below, and through the evening air came Jean's plaintive voice. Then the rolling wheels growing fainter in the distance, and then—silence.

"Denis," I said at length, "don't give her up."

"Don't give her up, Madame Octavia," he replied; but what can I do? It is she that gives me up. What can I do?"

"Go to her guardian, Mr. Havilandt and tell him. If he has any remnant of youth left in his heart, he will try and help you."

This I said not unmindful of Denis's good family, good looks, and great wealth. He brightened somewhat at this suggestion, and left me, later on, more willing to see some hope for the future.

I did not see either of my children for some days after that evening; indeed, I think two weeks had gone by; and each day saw me so busily employed with my pupils and an amount of extra work, that I scarcely realized the flight of time.

One afternoon quite late, as I sat correcting a very much out of order drawing study, Jean came in. I did not look up, but welcomed her from my easel; she came across the room silently, and stood before me without speaking.

"Well, my dear," I said rubbing out a forearm with a bit of bread. "It is a long time since you gladdened my eyes with a sight of your winsome face."

Then as she did not answer, I looked up. She was standing directly in front of me, with the light from the north window full upon her. Her dress was long, soft, white mull, with a breast knot of dark Russian violets; she held her hat in her hand, and her soft, dark hair lay slightly wet upon her forehead. But it was none of these accessories that drew from me the startling exclamation:

"Jean, what have you been doing to yourself?" For she was perfectly colorless with a pallor that betokened sleepless nights and restless days, while the tiny blue veins about her temples were plainly visible; and beneath her sweet eyes were dark purple shadows. She gave a little laugh.

"Oh nothing, Octavia, unless breaking one's heart can be called an occupation. I have been doing that."

"Then you are very foolish," I said. "Why should you break your heart, and some one's else as well, when the remedy lies in your own hands."

She made no answer at first, trifling in a nervous way with the feathers on her hat. Then in a troubled voice: "Is it Denis you mean, Octavia?"

"Who else should it be!" I answered. "Break your own heart if you will, child, but you might have spared my boy's."

I spoke quickly and in temper, but I grieved when I had said it. The girl started as if wounded, and gave a long, deep sigh, though she answered me quickly enough.

"Dear Madame Octavia, in deciding as I have, believe me, I have not spared myself; but I did not come to you to say so. I came because I am very miserable, and all alone, and because I am motherless; and to ask you to give him—Denis—this," laying a little note on the ledge of my easel. "And now I will say good-by Octavia." She left me before I could speak, with the same hurt look upon her face, and all that remained was the white note for Denis, and one or two violets that had fallen from her dress as she moved away.

A few more days passed by, and Sunday morning, as I sat over my late tea and toast the door opened and Jean came in.

"Have you forgiven me, my dear?" I asked as I kissed her sweet mouth, remembering my hard words a few evenings ago.

"Oh, indeed, Octavia, I had nothing to forgive. Surely if you may not speak your mind to me, who can? See, I have brought you these white lilacs, Octavia. Baron von Stock gave me such a large bunch of them yesterday, and at once I thought of you and the dear, dusty studio. You know I always used to keep the old place brightened up a bit."

Then she separated the fragrant white flowers, and as she arranged them in my two majolica vases, she asked in a shy voice:

"Have you seen Denis, Octavia?"

"No, my little Jean; but I sent him your note."

"Did you read it, Octavia?"

"My dear, no. I noticed it was unsealed, but fancied that an oversight, so I fastened it up tight and sent it on its way. You did not tell me to read it, Jean."

"It does not matter," She answered. Then after a little pause: "It was only to tell him, Octavia, that Baron von Stock and Mr. Haviland have decided it shall be on the 15th of June." I made no reply, though I knew it was her wedding-day she strove to speak of so calmly.

She came and rested her hands upon my shoulders.

"You do not answer me, Octavia. Are you then so indifferent?"

"My child," I said, "since you have decided in your own heart what is best, why should I reply?"

"Yes, that is true." Then kissing me: "I have tried, Octavia, indeed I have, to do all for the best. I love Denis—oh, how truly I do love him—but my word is pledged. What can I do?"

"Nothing," I answered dryly, since you feel as you do."

And it seemed to me the days fairly raced by in their eagerness to reach the 15th of June. I saw Denis frequently, Jean less often. The boy was overwhelmed with his first great sorrow. He would come and talk to me by the hour, tramping up and down the studio, rumpling up his fair hair, and and repeating over and over how much he loved her—how cruel it all was.

"Why doesn't she tell Baron von Stock?" he said. "You don't suppose the man would force her to marry him against her will?"

"Why don't *you* tell him?" I answered.

"How can I do that? Can I go and tell the Baron that I feel sure Jean does not love him, and is only marrying him because of her father's stupid promise and some absurd nonsense about family honor? Don't her very actions give her words the lie direct? Didn't I tell it all to old Haviland, and much good did it do! He smiled at me blandly as possible, and asked me if I came at Miss D'Orsay's request. Of course I was obliged to say no. Then he smiled more blandly than before, and said: "When Miss D'Orsay comes to me with the same petition, I will consider it. Was there anything left for me to do, but to take myself off after that?"

No, I had to agree with him; there was nothing else left to do.

"Now listen," continued Denis. "You are fond of me, you know, and it will consequently give you pleasure to do me a good turn. Jean will not see me, and I must see her before the 15th. Won't you get her here next Sunday afternoon, and then let me come in quite by accident? You will, won't you?"

"Denis Durant," I said, solemnly, "since you were a curly-headed boy, I have never refused you anything it was in my power to grant. Am I likely to do so now? Yes, you shall have one more chance. I will ask Jean to come. And now be off; my six young ladies will be here in less than ten minutes, and I shall lose my reputation as a stern instructor, if they catch sight of your handsome face."

"Pass me off as your model," said he, impudently; then, coming back, and putting his yellow head down caressingly: "You will *make* her come, Octavia."

"Yes, yes," I answered, touching his bright locks, "do not fear; you shall see her once more."

This was Wednesday, the 5th of June; in ten days Jean was to be married. I wrote her a note asking her to come to me on Sunday. She sent me word she would be with me at five o'clock in the afternoon; at six Baron von Stock would call to take her to dine at his sister's where his relations were to meet her for the first time collectively.

Sunday came, one of these sudden intensely warm days, a foretaste of what July and August would prove. After my rather tardy luncheon, I drew the old chintz couch across the broad window, placed my low chair near, closed the Venetian blinds, and waited for my lovers.

Denis came first, putting in his head cautiously, and then advancing eagerly when he saw I was alone.

"Will she come, Octavia? Am I too late?"

"She will come," I answered, and even as I made reply, I heard her step upon the stairs. Denis drew back into the window a moment, and then the door was slowly opened and Jean came in. She walked down the long room, and we two watched her as she came. She was already dressed for dinner, in a long, soft, white silk, made very simply, with some rich, old lace at the throat, and short, hanging sleeves. Her breast-knot was of her favorite dark Russian violets; her wavy, brown hair knotted in some old fashioned style upon the top of her proud little head, and held there by a quaint silver comb; in her hands she carried her white fan and her long, white silk mittens. Save for the deep blue of the violets, there was not a ray of color about her, and her face was as white as her gown.

I put out my hands to her as she drew near me; she took them in hers and bending kissed me twice. "You dear Octavia," she said, "how cool and calm and happy you look here. I never come that it does not do me good, and yet I always leave with a heartache. Are you glad to see me, Octavia?"

"My little Jean, I am very glad. You do not come so often now, my dear, and I miss you very much.

"It is not my fault that keeps me away, Octavia," she said, using one of her foreign idioms, "but my weakness. I dare not come, for every time I do, my courage waxes fainter. You and the old studio are so full of pleasant, dear memories, and—of—*him*."

"Jean, Jean, my darling," cried Denis, coming forth from his hiding place and taking both her hands in his.

"Are *you* here?" she cried. Then beginning to tremble a little, and in a low voice, with now and then a sob: "Oh, Denis, you should not! Octavia, why did you let him come? Oh, my dear Denis!"

It was all very, very sad. Jean stood there in her white gleaming dress, sobbing, with Denis holding her hands in his, entreating her in passionate tones to listen to the love in both their hearts.

"I cannot," she said faintly. "Oh Denis, I cannot."

"Then you do not love me," cried he, hotly.

"Love you," she answered. "Ah you do not know how I love you. I love you more earnestly, more deeply than it is possible for you to understand. But, Oh! can't you see it? it is not my promise I must keep, it is my father's. It will not greatly matter if my heart is broken," she added a little wildly, "so our honour is kept clean."

For a few moments there was silence, then out of the gloom, far down the long studio, came a voice:

"Jean, mein liebling, art thou ready for me? Pardon, madame, that I intrude myself upon you."

Baron von Stock walked into our midst and there was Jean, crying, and Denis holding both her hands.

"But what is this" continued the Baron, turning his kind face from one to the other.—"Jean in tears! And you, sir," to Denis, "for what reason do you so hold Miss D'Orsay's hands?"

"For what reason?" cried Denis, glad to speak to some one in his excitement; "for the best of all reasons, Baron von Stock; because I love Jean and she loves me. Don't you, my darling! Yes, I love her, and you will take her from me because of some stupid promise long ago, made by a man dead these two years. You want her to marry you, and she is not one to break her word. But, look you, I tell you she loves me, and it will be only her hand she will give you, not her heart; that is mine!"

The boy finished almost triumphantly, though he dropped Jean's hands and stood away from her. She said nothing.

"Is this true, Jean?" asked the Baron slowly, with a look of pain on his face.

Thus questioned, Jean looked up and answered:

"True that I love Denis? Yes, it is quite true. I should have told you, Hermann, the day before our marriage, and I should also have told you, that as I took your name so I should wear it blamelessly. You have never asked me, Baron von Stock, whether or not I *loved* you. You accepted my father's promise as I have done, as I am willing to do."

As I watched the Baron, I saw a sudden look of happiness come over his face while Jean was speaking. My heart sank. Was he then willing to take her not only without love, but knowing her heart belonged to another? It seemed so, for as she finished he went close to her, and taking her hand, raised it courteously to his lips, bowing his gray head over it with infinite grace.

"That is quite as it should be, mein liebling; I am only too happy to possess your amiable respect. And now shall we go? It is already late."

So, with a general bow, and leading my poor little Jean by the hand, he left us. As the door closed, Denis gave one low cry and flung himself face down on the couch. Nothing I could say would comfort him; he lay all the evening in dumb, wretched misery, while the dusk grew into night, and one by on out came the little stars, and last of all the full round moon.

The 15th of June dawned fair and cloudless. I was up early, too full of my child's new life that was to begin to-day, to rest. She was to be married at Mr. Haviland's quietly, at six o'clock in the afternoon. I had a little note from her at mid-day begging me not to fail to come, and saying:

"Dear Octavia, I know I am doing right, although my heart seems dead. Baron von Stock is very kind, and says I shall soon be all bright and happy again. And, indeed, I will try to make his words seem true."

By four o'clock I was dressed in my best gray silk, with a bunch of white lilacs that Jean had sent me. I was carefully drawing on my gloves and beginning to fidget mentally lest Denis should fail me at last; for he with a youthful desire to luxuriate in his grief, had declared it only manly and right to be at Jean's marriage, besides being his duty to look after me. At half-past five he made his appearance.

"Oh, Denis," I cried, "how glad I am to see you. I feared after all you might not come."

He laughed a sad, bitter laugh, not good to hear from so young a heart.

"You should not fear, Madame Octavia. If she can endure it, surely I can."

Then we betook ourselves to the carriage, and very soon were entering Mr. Haviland's drawing rooms. These were gay with flowers and sweet June sunshine, and bright with happy faces. Were ours the only heavy hearts in that small gathering?

We took our places, Denis and I, not far from the white satin mat richly embroidered in roses, which, as Madame de Vaux informed me, "had been brought especially from Germany for the bride and groom to stand upon. An old family custom, you know," she whispered energetically, "and so interesting."

We had not long to wait; there was a hush in the flow of many voices as Baron von Stock entered and took his place, followed immediately by Jean on Mr. Haviland's arm. I held my breath: Denis, who stood beside, me, shivered. Very sweet and beautiful did my darling look through her falling veil of rich lace, that could not hide from my eyes the real Jean beneath, and I noted with sharp anguish that the sweet face was thinner, and her soft eyes more mournful than one short month ago.

In direct contrast to her sad gentle looks was the too apparent joy, not to say hilarity of both Baron von Stock and Mr. Haviland. And now Jean had reached the silken mat and old Mr. Dillon stood by in surplice and stole, and I was taking my last look at little Jean D'Orsay. She could be my Jean no longer. The Baroness von Stock could never come to the old, dim, dusty studio and make it bright with her presence, talking for hours over every trifling pleasure or pain, as the old Jean had done.

My eyes were full of tears, for Jean was the child of a widowed heart, that had never known the sound of the magical word "mother." Even Denis's sorrow could not equal mine.

Baron von Stock's voice broke in upon my memories. "Mr. Haviland, and my very good friends," he was saying, "as you know, it was the earnest desire and solemn promise of my friend, the late Count Alphonse D'Orsay, that there should, at a proper time, exist between me, Baron Hermann von Stock, and his only child and daughter, Jean Blanche D'Orsay, the tie and contract of marriage. And so great was this desire, however unworthy the recipient of his bounty, that instilled into his daughter's generous heart the feeling that should she break his solemnly pledged word, she would not only soil his honor, but that of the D'Orsays, whose race that lineage had never owned the member who had not kept it fair and clean. But to *me* he left discretionary powers, though he bound *her* so firmly, and should I, Hermann von Stock, desire at any time to cancel this mutual agreement, I was free to do so. *I do so desire now.* In the presence of you all, I give back to Mdlc. D'Orsay her freedom; not from any want of appreciation of her beauty, goodness and loyalty, rather because of them, and that I am an old man, and my love for her is too great to accept the sacrifice of her youth. Jean, my liebling, look up. See, I have brought thee a present, and we shall have a wedding after all."

When Jean raised her tear dimmed eyes, it was Denis's face they rested on, Denis's hand that clasped so tightly her own.

"To you, my friend," said the Baron, more sternly, turning to the young man, "I say shield her faithfully; she who guards so carefully a dead father's honor will not fail to cherish that of her husband."

Denis bowed his bright head in silent thanksgiving. And so they were married.

Often now on summer evenings, the dim old studio is full of the joyous laughter and prattle of tongues of little Denis and little Jean, pretty Blanche and baby Hermann. And when the shadows grow longer and the little spirits less buoyant, they gather about my knee and beg: Once more, just once more, tell us the story of mamma's wedding day.

Whom to Choose for a Husband.

Choose a man who has plenty to occupy his mind. Not necessarily a great deal of money or real estate, but one whose mind is active, and who will be likely to find plenty to look after outside of the house and home. That woman is wise who chooses for her partner in life a man who desires to find his home a place of rest. It is the man with many interests, with engrossing occupations, with plenty of people to fight, with a struggle to maintain against the world, who is the really domestic man in the wife's sense, who enjoys home, who is tempted to make a friend of his wife, who relishes prattle, who feels in the home circle, where nobody is above him and nobody unsympathetic with him, as if he were in a haven of ease and relaxation. The drawback of home life, its containing possibilities of insipidity, sameness and consquent weariness, is never present to such a man. He no more tires of his wife and children than of his own happier moods. He is no more bored with home than sleep. All the monotony and weariness of life he encounters outside. It is the pleasure-loving man, the merry companion, who requires constant excitement that finds home life unendurable. He soon grows weary of it, and considers everything so tame that it is impossible for him to be happy or not to feel that he is less unhappy there than elsewhere.

We do not mean that the true domestic man will be always at home. The man always at home has not half the chance of the man whose duty is outside of it, for he can not help being sometimes in the way. The point for the wife is, that he likes his home when he is there; and that liking, we contend, belongs, first of all, to the active and strong and deeply engaged, and not to the lounger, or even easy-minded man. The only point to guard against is that he does not become so deeply engrossed in his business that he takes it home with him and makes a wife of that. But in nine cases out of ten the wife is at fault for this more than the husband, and if she had but the tact to make it entertaining for him, and the aptitude to be entertained by any one, she would find that such a man was the very man to most appreciate and enjoy the society and the rest and freedom from care his home afforded.

A Soft Answer Turneth Away Wrath.

On a Lake Shore train coming into Detroit the other day was a newly-married couple, the bride appearing to be about 25 years old, and the groom being a dapper little chap a year or two younger. A lady who came aboard at Wyandotte took a seat just ahead, and after a few minutes, she heard the pair criticising her bonnet and cloak and general style. Without showing the least resentment in her countenance, she turned around in her seat and said:

"Madam, will you have your son close the window behind you?"

The "son" closed his mouth instead, and the "madam" didn't giggle for sixteen miles.—*Detriot Free Press.*

WIT AND WISDOM.

The point of the shaft of wit should never be dipped in poison.

Often the virtue of a woman must be very great, since it has to suffice for two.

He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

It is not a lucky word, this same *impossible;* no good comes of those who have it so often in their mouths.

Each man is a hero and oracle to somebody, and to that person whatever he says has an enhanced value.

Money and fame are two things that men work hardest for; and after death one is worth just about as much to them as the other.

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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CHESS.

THE lovers of chess will have an opportunity to study a skillfully-played game in the present number—that between Messrs. D. W. George and S. H. Howard. Both of these gentlemen are fine players, and it is doubtful if Mr. Howard's victory is decisive evidence as to which of the two is the best player. We would like to see another game played between these two experts. Being possessed of the rudiments of the game, and fancying our knowledge of the straight away movements of the castles, the diagonal darting of the rooks and the erratic zigzaging of the knights, gave us a claim to being a chess-player, we tackled Mr. George at the Jacksonville Convention. Like Caesar, we came and saw, but, unlike that great Roman, we did not conquer. The gallant Illinoisan's army came down on us like the destroying angel on Sennacherib, and in less time than it takes to tell of it, our vast army had vanished away. Let us have another match game by all means, and when the dust of battle has cleared away, if Mr. Howard is again ahead, we will crown him with the laurel wreath of victory.

An Honor To New York.

OUR artist friend, Albert Ballin, is paving his way to fame and fortune in Rome, Italy. Judging from reports printed from time to time in the Rome papers, he takes high rank among the art students who come from all parts of the world and take up their abode in the "eternal" city. His New York friends hail with joy and pride his triumphs and successes, and we hope that on his return to the Empire City, which will not be long hence, that the New York mutes will show in some way their appreciation for artistic genius and assiduous labors to develop it. Six years ago, very few of his companions thought that the fun-loving, mischief-making, merry hearted boy, would in a few short years win honor and praise in a vocation which above all others requires inborn talent and genius.

Delayed Packages.

THROUGH some error in the post office, several packages of the JOURNAL were delayed last week. Among the cities that did not receive the paper at the regular time were Columbus, St. Louis, Chicago, Baltimore, Flint, and others. The cause of the error was that the wrapper round the packages designating the city to which such package should be sent, was torn off in some way, and the papers had to be returned to the JOURNAL office to be sorted. We regret the delay, and trust that in future the unfailing regularity which has been observed in the past will never again be broken.

NOTICE.

Services for Deaf-Mutes in the Church of the Good Shepherd, Cortes St., Boston, on Sunday, May 6th, at 12 (Holy Communion) and 3 P. M.

Killed for Her Child.

ST. LOUIS, MO., April 25, '83.—At the farm of Joel Platt, in Sobetha, Kan., a deaf and dumb son of Platt's set fire to a barn, and was burned to death. His mother in attempting to rescue him, was burned to death.—*New York Herald, April 26.*

The skeletons found in digging the cellar of President Gallaudet's house, at Indian Neck, last fall, have been examined at the Army Medical museum, at Washington, and pronounced Indian remains without doubt. The skull was almost identical in its measurements with one of a Pequot Indian found a few years since near East Windsor. As the Indians last inhabiting Bradford were of the Quinipi band, Dr. Gallaudet has decided to name his summer home Quinipi lodge, and he will reinter the Indian relics on the place.—*Hartford Courant.*

ITEMIZER.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer.*

The expected service of Mr. G. W. Schutt at Goshen, N.Y., on May 6th, has been postponed until July or August.

Jos. Schlageter, of Buffalo, N. Y., expects to be in Detroit, Mich., next July if nothing happens to prevent him.

A party was tendered to Geo. E. Kohler and his bride, at the residence of Mrs. Sarah Kohler in York, Pa., on April 21st.

John Herron, of Athens Co., O., owns one of the best and nicest eighty-acre farms in his neighborhood, and is engaged in fruit and stock raising.

Of those attending Rev. Mr. Mann's service in Mansfield, Ohio, were Mr. and Mrs. Overstake and Miss Childs. They came by conveyance a distance of twenty-five miles.

John P. Conlon, a graduate of the Le Couteulx St. Mary's School, is again in Buffalo, N. Y., and working at the dye business. He has worked at tailoring for six and printing for two years.

On Sunday, April 22nd, Mr. G. W. Schutt held a service at the residence of Merritt Ostrander, of Whiteport, N. Y. Mr. Ostrander has worked at the cement barrel factory for the past fifteen years.

The class of '83, of the Indiana Institute, is quite a large one—so large, in fact, that it is rumored only a part of the graduates will be allowed to "appear in public on the stage." "Hence these tears."

Since Rev. Mr. Mann's ordination, January 25th, 1877, he has held services and preached 802 times in 108 places, or in 127 parishes, or churches. The number of persons baptized since the beginning of the western work is 184; and of communicants, 151.

Mason Hilts, a deaf-mute, formerly residing in Buffalo, is supposed to have died at the Globe Hotel, Watertown, New York, a few days ago. Mr. C. G. Champlin, Chief of Police, Watertown, N. Y., will be thankful to receive any information as to the address of his relatives and friends.

Of those in attendance at the combined service held in Trinity Church, Tiffin, O., by Rev. Messrs. Blake and Mann, were Messrs. Lott and Synder, and Mrs. Kerschner. The latter graduated from the Pennsylvania Institution in 1835 and married a hearing and speaking man. They live near Tiffin.

The morals of that man who would so far forget his manhood as to strike a lady, must be in a deplorable state, nevertheless, one of the married teachers at the Indiana Institute, not quite an age agone, struck a lady teacher a dastardly blow that should make every man, who has any sense of dignity and honor, blush for him.

The Sunday School for mutes, at Indianapolis, is not flourishing as it was—there seems to be a screw loose somewhere. If the mutes of Indianapolis wish the school to continue, it is time they were waking up and doing something. It won't do to have Sunday School one Sunday, none the next, and a poor one the next! Who's running it, any way?

MR. EDITOR:—Please correct one mistake in the last JOURNAL. I mean "with authority to appoint a local committee in Boston to arrange with railroads to reduce fares only in New England;" each other committee for Middle, Southern and Western States. I think each local committee will effect success. Allow me to respectfully request gentlemanly Lawrence and Dougherty to adopt, with pleasure, a more convenient day for our national meeting on the last Saturday of August, and also a most salubrious place in Washington Heights? If I live, will hope to meet and talk with them all right. Let us hope for Divine ordering to provide for a national success and harmony.

THOMAS BROWN.

WEST HENNIKER, April 29, '83.

An Interesting Marriage.

At St. John's Church, there was solemnized yesterday morning at ten o'clock, a marriage which was not only novel and interesting but very solemn and impressive. The contracting parties were Mr. George Kohler, of York, and Miss Maggie K. Hiestand, of York, both of whom were deaf-mutes. The Rev. Arthur Powell officiated, assisted by Rev. H. W. Syle who interpreted the service. Many friends, who were in attendance, and the clergy of the Harrisburg Convocation, all of whom pronounced the service one of the most impressive they ever witnessed.—*York (Pa.) Daily, April 20.*

A Service in Sign Language.

Rev. A. W. Mann, of Cleveland, Ohio, who has charge of the work of the Episcopal Church among deaf-mutes in the central Western States and the Northwest, held a service in Emmanuel church, on last evening. The attendance was made up of the deaf-mutes residing in Rockford. An interesting feature of the service was the baptism of an adult deaf-mute and an infant child of deaf-mute parents. The ceremony, as well as the evening service and sermon, was rendered in the silent sign-language of the deaf. At the next visitation of the Bishop of the Diocese, which is expected to occur on May 8th, it is expected that three deaf-mutes will receive the Apostolic rite of confirmation. Some were confirmed at the last visitation a year ago.

This special work of the Episcopal Church was begun at the West about ten years ago, in response to a pressing need. The graduates of the State deaf-mute schools were without any spiritual care whatever. From the moment of leaving school they found themselves cut off from the services they enjoyed daily during their school life. They could take no part in divine worship with their hearing and speaking brethren. It was plain, therefore, that they should have services in their own language addressed to the gospel truths as speech. Rev. Mr. Mann has had charge of the Western work from the first. Five other clergymen are ministering similarly—four at the East, and one at the South. Of those six clergymen three are themselves deaf, and are the only ministers of this class in the entire world. The others can hear and speak. They have learned to use the sign-language by long association with the deaf. There are not less than 35,000 deaf-mutes in the Union. For their educated there are now fifty-three schools, and their number increases. The one at Jacksonville is very well-known, and is conceded to be the most complete in all its appointments of any similar school in the world. It has been brought to this high point of excellence by the able management of its superintendent, P. G. Gillett, LL.D.—*Rockford (Ill.) Daily Gazette, April 17.*

MARRIED.

HIPPLER—HEILIG.—April 23d, at Trinity Church, Tiffin, Ohio, by Rev. A. W. Mann, Thomas J. Hippler and Miss Emma E. Heilig.

Rev. Mr. Mann expects to officiate at Joliet, Ill., on Friday evening, May 25th.

We are informed that George Witschief, who had his foot crushed by the cars at Hamburg, N. J., had his toes amputated. He is getting along well, and hopes to attend to business again soon.

A young lady cousin of Miss Myra E. Alden, who graduated last summer from Cornell University with high honors, has recently accepted a position on the editorial staff of the Boston *Daily Journal.*

Among the deaf-mutes who attended the Kohler-Hiestand wedding were Mrs. Benj. Lanius, John A. Lehr, Amanda Bentzel, Annie Friendrich, of Baltimore, Miss Camilla Barnitz, and Mr. T. S. Mundis.

An Austin servant announced to the lady of the house that there was a deaf and dumb man at the door. "Are you sure he is deaf and dumb?" That's what he says, and I don't suppose he would say so, if it wasn't true.

Mrs. John Lancier, of Bergen, N. Y., writes that it was not her daughters, but her two sisters, Mary Ann and Jennie O'Neil, aged ten and eight respectively, that died one on February 15th, and the other on April 2d.

Miss Alice C. Jennings, the deaf poetess of New England, is winning her way to success and popularity as a writer for the hearing press. She is at present engaged on a small History of Egypt, which it is predicted will be a financial success.

Rev. Job Turner passed through Lexington, Ky., on Saturday night, the 28th ult., on his return from Texas to Staunton, Va., to see his sons, one of whom had been dangerously ill during his absence in the lone star state, which lasted about a month.

John G. Klein, of Rochester, N. Y., a former pupil of the New York Institution, and also of the Western N. Y. Institution, is still working in P. Cox & Co.'s shoe factory as head heel cutter, where he has worked since he left school about years ago.

Mr. R. B. Lawrence, of Morgan City, La., has an open letter in the *Pointe Coupee Banner,* of New Road, La., protesting against the project of Captain Eads and others, to dam the Atchafalaya and divert the water into the channel of the Mississippi.

Mr. J. K. Parkinson, of Cincinnati, who was last Tuesday admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the United States, is probably the only deaf and dumb lawyer ever admitted to that court. He has had an extensive practice as a patent lawyer, and is said to be both accurate and ready.

There is a barber shop not far from here where the operators are all deaf-mutes. But they can tell you your hair is falling out that you ought to buy some pomade, in the deaf and dumb alphabet, so painfully well that only men who can't understand the signs go there to be shaved.—*New York Puck.*

The wedding of Mr. John W. Pratt, of Middletown, Ct., and Miss Leonora Carstang Gray, of Brooklyn, will occur at eight o'clock on the evening of May 16th, at St. Luke's Episcopal Church, Clinton Ave., near Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. It will be one of the society events of the season.

Rev. Job Turner reached Sedalia, Mo., from Texas, Tuesday night, the 24th ult., and visited one of his deceased wife's nieces whom he had not seen for about thirty-five years. He also made a flying visit to Houstonia, Mo., where live two sisters of his son Loring's wife. His trip to Texas was very pleasant and profitable, indeed. His work was blessed with success. He has a good many relatives and friends over the West and even in California.

A few weeks ago Mr. Solomon Bacharach, a deaf-mute, of Philadelphia, who works in a cigar-box factory in Philadelphia, met with a serious injury. It appears that one of his fellow-workmen, for some reason, became angry at him, and picked up one of the tools lying around and threw it at the deaf-mute striking him in the forehead. It was feared at first that it would almost prove fatal, but we learn that he is improving. The workman was arrested by the police and sent to prison.

W. R. Chase, of Winsted, Ct., writes:—"I heartily second venerable Thomas Brown's suggestion in regard to the opening of the National Convention with religious services on Sunday. It proved to be profitable and beneficial at the last convention of the New England Gallaudet Association. I don't think well of J. F. Donnelly's suggestion as to the special meeting of the Board of the New England Gallaudet Association in order to send the President as a delegate to the National Convention. It would simply be a reckless waste of money. If they should intend to send any delegate, they must not forget or ignore Thomas Brown's just credit. He is the fittest person as an honorary delegate, for he was not only the first president of an association of the kind, but is the father of deaf-mute social reunions in the United States."

The following was clipped from the Beverly *Citizen* of April 28th:—Through the kindly interposition of Mr. George Holden, of Providence, R. I., the originator of the Laura Bridgman bust project, the school for Deaf-Mutes on Elliot Street has been presented with a plaster cast of the blind deaf-mute by a lady of Boston. The bust was originally made by the wife of Nathaniel Hawthorne, *nee* Peabody, when she was living in Salem, at the age of eighteen. Thus the cast possesses a literary interest independent of its own merits. Laura Bridgman was twelve years old at the time her likeness was taken in "cold, sculpture marble," and it represents her with her eyes bandaged, a delicate girl with clear cut features, a sensitive mouth and short hair. The cast can be seen at any time by visitors to the school.

A hot-house for the early production of vegetables, has been built by the superintendent in the rear of the buildings.

The school received a visit from a reporter of the *Boston Globe,* last week.

Eloquent Hands and Fingers.

A roomful of intelligent-looking young people, with ears that were useless and tongues that could not speak a syllable, sat for a couple of hours in Association Hall last night enjoying a literary entertainment in the sign language. They were in turn amused and stirred by various emotions, but not a sound was uttered by any of the performers. For the benefit of the few persons present who were not deaf-mutes a running interpretation was read, but the curious dumb signs were of far greater interest than the spoken language. The occasion of the entertainment was the occurrence of the second anniversary of the Chirological Lyceum, composed entirely of deaf-mutes, which has been organized in connection with the Christian Association. One of the incidents was a debate on the injustice of the banishment of Napoleon to St. Helena, a theme in which debating societies generally delight. Washington Houston delivered the oration of the evening, and the president of the lyceum, E. D. Wilson, made an address. A good many pupils from the Deaf and Dumb Institution were present.—*Phila. Times, April 26.*

Mr. M. W. Carr, of the *Sparta Plaindealer,* at Sparta, Ill., made a pleasant trip to St. Louis on the 24th ult.

The new state pupil from Maine, arrived last week, accompanied by one of the Governor's councillors.

Miss Henrietta Evans, of St. Clair, Pa., expects to visit her cousins in Philadelphia during the coming summer.

The fair of the Beverly School for Deaf-Mutes will be held on the 5th and 6th of June, 1883, at the Town Hall.

The Twilight Union will meet on the 12th inst., at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Ijams, No. 427 Flatbush Avenue, Brooklyn.

This beautiful poem refers to Miss Sarah Fuller, Principal of the Horace Mann School for the deaf, and her married sister.

TWO SISTERS.

BY ALICE C. JENNINGS.

Two sisters once I saw, who seemed
So like, so unlike, that I thought
On each divergent pathway streamed
A light from heaven's own glory caught,
On either brow a crown doth rest,
In either face a sweetness dwell;
And which is brightest, which is best,
'Twere hard for any eye to tell.

One 'mid a radiant circle stands;
The crown of motherhood is hers;
So nobly met its glad demands,
Its weight an added strength confers.
The very lines that care doth trace,
Like shadows on the spotless snows,
Reveal and deepen, not deface
The brightness that around them glows.

Those lives surround her own, as bend
Its petals round the daisy's gold,
And clasp it at their base, their end
To light, and dew, and air unrolled.
So outward spread those lives, and learn
To breathe a world-embracing air,
Yet toward the home-love still return,
And find their strongest magnet there.

The other—Ah! no life has thrilled
Through hers, in being's earliest tone,
And yet with gems her crown is filled,
The hearts of hundreds are her own.
Diviner motherhood is hers—
To see, in other minds revealed,
The life her own glad bosom stirs,
The strength her spirit holds concealed;

To know some word that she has said
Has lifted up a weary heart,
And, by her sweet example led,
Some wanderer borne a truer part.
O'er darkest clouds her smile at length
A tint of hope and gladness throws;
And O the comfort, O the strength
One clasp of that firm hand bestows!

Yes, full and clear her life hymn swells;
The chord of self is never heard;
In other lives its potent spells
Dissolve, as fades in sound the word.
Nature she knows with love so rare,
So close, O Father! lives to Thee,
A burst of sunshine, breeze of air,
Refresh our spirits less than she.

Accepting glad, as God designed,
For man, or heaven, their holy place,
How few, O sisters, do we find
Who thus the perfect image trace!
Who thus, through paths distinct, but hear
Through life united, life alone,
The watchword "Duty," calm and clear,
Re echo with inspiring tone!

Ah, sisters! choice may not be ours
Which work to take, which crown to wear;
But woman's influence, woman's powers,
We cannot, must not, fail to share.
To use them nobly, or to cast
With slothful hand our work aside—
This is our choice; this shall, at last,
The final recompense decide.

Auburndale, August, 1882.

Columbia Institution.

Mr. Wight (our supervisor) who has been quite ill with the malaria, has so far recovered as to enable him to be down-stairs again. During his confinement, he was greatly missed, and we were very glad to see him after several days' absence.

Miss Grace Webster, of Baltimore, and a pupil here for many years, visited the Institution on last Friday.

Mr. Edward Humphrey, also a former pupil, came out to see a game of base ball last Wednesday, and on his return stopped at the Institution.

Messrs. Adams, Marsh, North, Spahr and Warren, of the Advanced Class, are members of the "Third" nine of the Kendall B. B. C.

The Drawing Classes are preparing for an exhibit. It is said that Prizes will be awarded to those who have made the greatest improvement.

Among the Deaf-Mute papers received here lately, are the *Bulletin, Companion, Nebraska Journal, Star (Kansas), Record* and *Voice.* They are always very welcome, as they contain news from many sections and some interesting reading matter.

Mr. Harold Anthony, from Florida, visited his cousin, Mr. Marsh, yesterday. He expressed himself as much pleasant with his visit.

On Saturday, several of the boys went fishing, and returned with about the same as they carried from here. (Therefore there is no "Fish" story to relate.)

On Saturdays, the Advanced Class Boys generally go sight seeing.

A few days ago, two of them visited the United States Navy Yard. They went through the shops, museum, and aboard several vessels, including the monitor *Wyandotte,* and explained the manner the guns were manned during an engagement. They returned very much pleased with their visit.

Lately we have had some beautiful weather. The seats (benches) have been put out upon the grass, and the large flower urns in their positions.

All enjoying good health at present. The hospital, therefore, is empty.

A game of ball played this (Monday) afternoon between our Eagles and Brentwoods resulted in favor of the latter.

Mr. Wight's little dog, Diamond, has injured one of his feet, and is now hopping about on the other three.

Monday, April 30.

The Gift All Other Gifts Above.

TO ALFA.

Give me gold and silver—
Give me jewels rare—
Give me mansions stately—
Give me landscapes fair.
Give me fame and beauty,
And triumph without end—
Give me all earth's splendor,
But give me *first*—a friend.

April, 1883.

COLLEGE CHRONICLE.

LITERARY AND OTHER NOTES

"Abe's" Criticism.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

The unreasonable manner in which "Abe" criticises the Garfield Memorial Committee, and the absurdity of his charges, would seem to indicate that he was rather too quick in coming to his conclusions. In preparing his article for publication, he was evidently under the impression that information upon the subject of the unveiling ceremonies was *purposely* withheld from the contributors. For this reason, we are rather pleased that his article appeared, as we can make it clear that his conclusion is incorrect, and that the attitude of the college authorities in the matter has not "been of the most contemptuous and selfish kind." While it is only natural that the contributors should wish to know when the bust is to be unveiled, we still think that "Abe" might have been a little more courteous in his choice of words, and that he should have been certain of the truth of his assertions before publishing them.

We did not know that there is any "boss" in the matter. We happen to be on the Committee, and certainly no boss has ever troubled us, nor, as far as we know, any other students on the Committee. It is the Committee as a body, and not two members that are managing the affair.

To come to particulars, the reason that no formal announcement had been made previous to last week was that no definite information had been obtained as to when the bust would be completed, nor when it would reach the United States from Italy. Manifestly, it would have been absurd for the Committee to make any announcement when any doubt existed in regard to these two points. Just as soon as word was received from the sculptor, settling the doubts, the announcement was published.

As to "Abe's" questions, the first is answered in the foregoing statement, we need only say in regard to the second—that to consult the wishes of all those who contributed, would not only been a difficult task, but would have brought forth many conflicting suggestions which the Committee could never reconcile. In selecting May 16th, we think that the Committee have chosen a time when a visit to Washington will find the city in its most pleasant season, in addition will permit all to witness the presentation exercises, which of themselves are interesting. Hardly a better time could be chosen, as in July and August the college is closed and the heat here is intolerable. June being the closing month of College, with its reviewing, examinations, and the like, would hardly be suitable for the occasion of the unveiling. We have here stated the facts in the matter, and if "Abe" is a believer in justice, he will acknowledge his error, and make honorable amends.

In connection with this, we take pleasure in saying that the pedestal and background for the bust have been placed in position in the College Chapel. They form one piece, and are made of heavy mohogany and richly ornamented with carvings. The whole piece is about six feet in height, and forms a suitable as well as a beautiful finishing for the bust.

THE OPENING MEETING OF THE STUDENT'S LITERARY ASSOCIATION,

for the third term, was held in the Lyceum on Friday evening. An essay on "Paper," by Mr. Robinson, '84, opened the exercises. Having given the derivation of the word paper, and the early mode of preparation from the plant *papyrus,* the essay passed to a consideration of the use of parchment, and its preparation from the skin of several animals. Speaking of manuscripts, the essayist noted them as being among the most interesting relics of the past. Many of them were written in gold or silver letters, as for instance the Codex Andreus of the Royal Library of Stockholm. This is a Latin manuscript, written in gothic characters of gold, on leaves of velium alternately white and violet. The Chinese were the first to make paper from woody fibre, and this was later introduced into Europe through Samarcand. The invention of making paper from cotton and linen rags now so commonly used, belongs to the Moors, who made paper in Spain as early as the twelfth century. At present, the principal materials from which paper is made are cotton and linen rags, waste paper, straw, and grass, wood, junta and manilla, and cane. In the United States the capital employed by six hundred and sixty-nine establishments in the manufacture of paper, is over thirty six million dollars, and the value of products, forty-eight millions.

This highly interesting effort was followed by a closely contested debate on the question "Resolved, That protection is more beneficial to the United States than Free Trade." In support of the Affirmative, Messrs. Adams, '86, and Hagy, '87, discussed the question, and were answered by Messrs. Hanson, '86, and Duncan, '87. In support of Protection, the affirmatives brought forward the arguments that home industries require stimulus to build them up and to nerve the people to further effort. That through protection the government is supplied with the means of meeting the manifold expenses which it incurs.

To this the Negative replied that through protection the government unjustly favors a small part of the people at the expense of the majority, and that high duties lessen revenues, wound exchanges and loosen morals. In this way the contest continued, both parties putting forth strong arguments in favor of their particular opinions.

The Negative side finally proved successful. The next on the programme was a dialogue between Messrs. Kerney, '85, and Dantzer, '86, entitled "Secret.' This created much amusement among the audience, and was followed by a well rendered declamation, "*Der Wacht am der Rhein*" by Mr. Veditz, '84.

JOTS.

The Lawn Tennis Club have resumed practice.

On Monday, the indoor gymnasium exercises close for the season.

The members of the faculty were very liberal in their contributions to the Base Ball uniform fund.

At the Light Infantry Fair now in progress in this city, the Kendall Green Club lead in the voting for the Lawn Tennis Set. Hope the club will get it.

Mr. Hill, of Athol, Mass., is the latest contributor to the base ball uniform fund. The committee acknowledge the receipt of $3.

Mr. Wright has been suffering from a severe attack of malarial fever. We are pleased to report that he is recovering and soon will be all right.

A schedule of games for the championship has been agreed to by the Kendalls, Gergetown College, Columbian College and Alexandria High School nines. The first game will be between Kendall and Alexandria next Thursday.

LESTER MONTROSE.

KENDALL GREEN, April 28, '83.

From the Hawkeye State.

The mutes here are in excellent spirits, except two, who are somewhat subject to chronic catarrh. "Marcus" is on the road to recovery by inhaling the vapor of burning sulphur.

The wife of Mr. J. C. Hummer was summoned home two weeks ago, on account of the death of her sister. The cause was hemorrhage of the lungs. She has our sincere sympathy. One day the deceased went to witness her friend's wedding, and got a bad cold, and was confined to bed one week, and ther died. In her will, Gracie, daughter of Mr. Hummer, who is six years old, got a gold watch and chain worth $150.

The mutes here intended to take a ten mile ride to the house of J. C. Hummer last Easter Sunday, but were disappointed, because it snowed all day.

J. J. Middleton, formerly a teacher in the Hartford School, has been here working for a leading diary man for two years. He has a speaking wife. He is a good lip-reader. His employer boasts that he could not get a better man than Mr. Middleton. Success to you, Jake.

J. C Hummer expected to go to Dakota, and try to get a claim not far from the writer's, and Mr. Middleton will follow their example too. Dakota is undoubtedly the best country to emigrate to, either for a permanent comfortable home, or for making money at wheat raising.

D. A. Dewey went to Cedar Rapids to work on a farm for his brother-in-law, whose health is poor.

The house of Mr. Smith, for whom Mr. Middleton works, was set on fire, but was extinguished after hard labor.

The president of the Iowa Deaf-Mute Association, has purchased a Waterbury watch and the Chicago *Weekly News,* for the blushingly modest sum of $3.25. It is a very good timepiece, as well as one devoutly to be wished for.

Thomas O'Donnell, who used to work near Iowa City, was offered $200 a year, including free washing and boarding, a few weeks ago, by a farmer who has a mute cousin, to work for him. Suffice it to say that he agreed, but after a week's trial, he quit. The cause was that he had to milk.

As far as I am informed, all the mutes in this state, who own or rent farms, are prosperous, owing to the pretty good crops of last year.

John Weikert, formerly of Muscatine, but now lives near Sheldon, Obrien Co., was husking corn in the latter part of last December. Too to cold husk.

George Kinney is now in Minneapolis, Minn., succeeding in getting a good job.

April 23, 1883. MARCUS.

From Watkins, N. Y.

DEAR EDITOR:—Last March, John E. Dougherty removed to Watkins from Alloway, where he has lived for one year past. He says that his business was very dull there, and he spent more money than he earned in his shoemaking business.

I. S. Budd keeps a first-class boot and shoe store on Franklin street. He is engaged in the wholesale and retail, and is a reliable and accommodating business man in town. He likes to show, with great pleasure, his nicest and cheapest trade to all. He employs a well-known deaf-mute, John E. Dougherty, in his store as journeyman-shoemaker.

Before April 1st, John sent word to his wife to come. Mrs. L. Dougherty and her modest mute sister, of Canandaigua, arrived at Watkins one the 2d of April at noon. John met them at the depot. He led them to his house, where they were heartily surprised that the house was mostly finished. They have commenced house-keeping since.

On Tuesday evening, a nice lunch given Maggie Barry by Mr. and Mrs. Andrews, and John and his wife, before Maggie left here for home the next evening, was a success and a happy surprise. Oranges, nuts, peanuts, candies, etc., were served.

We must say that there has never been a deaf-mute religions sermon given at any church in Watkins. We should like to have some one to preach here.

We are glad to observe that our respected friend, Russell Smith, is coming to Watkins to make us a long visit next August. He has a host of friends and one sister in Watkins. We will try to give him enjoyable entertainment. We understand that he has moved to Des Moines, Ia., to live.

Hattie Wright has lived at Elmira since she went there last fall. She is coming to Watkins to work at the Glen Mountain House next June. Last summer she worked there.

John Minard has moved to Starkey, about eight miles from Watkins.

We understand that Timothy Townsend, of Ohio, is coming to Watkins to visit this summer. The writer is acquainted with him. He will be glad to welcome him, for Timothy welcomed me, when I visited him at his home in Ohio. The writer works at a produce store at present.

JOEL.

DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER, *a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its card. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.*

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 40 West 16th Street. First meeting of the month for business only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. Corresponding Secretary's address, J. F. Donnelly, 56 Raymond Street, Brooklyn.

CHICAGO MUTE CIRCLE.

The Chicago Mute Circle holds lecture meetings at Farwell Hall Building, 148 E. Madison Street, on the first and third Wednesdays in each month, except July and August, at seven o'clock, P.M., and also holds Sabbath meetings at the same place on the second and fourth Sundays in each month, three o'clock P.M. Lars M. Larson is Secretary. P.O. address is Young Men's Christian Association office, Chicago, Illinois.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at the Young Men's Christian Association Rooms, Cor. 6th and Elm Street, first and third Saturday in each month, at 8 P.M. Jesse K. T. Hoagland, President, and Wm. Blount, Secretary. Secretary's P. O. address is 293 Pike Street, Covington, Ky.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P.M., in the Parish Building (2nd floor) of St. Stephen's P. E. Church, 10th St. above Chestnut St. Lectures every Thursday evening, except 2nd Thursday of each September, 1st Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement and social enjoyment of the members. Joseph A. Roop is President, and Wm. H. Lipsett Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1116 South 13th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ST. LOUIS CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meetings in room 8, third floor, Bryant & Stratton's Business College building, corner 5th and Market Streets (opposite the Court House). Regular meetings on the second Saturday of each month, for business only. The reading room, well equipped with dailies and illustrated weeklies at the club's own expense, is open to members and their friends at all times. The purposes of the Club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancement of St. Louis gentlemen and ladies will not be neglected. Lectures will be announced by the President from time to time, and all are welcome on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home in the club rooms. Officers: President, D. A. Simpson; Vice-President, W. E. Guss; Secretary, J. J. Smith; Treasurer, A. H. Kohlmetz; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. H. Wolf. Secretary's address, No. 901 Biddle Street.

THE CHIROLOGICAL LYCEUM, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Chirological Lyceum, under the auspices of the Young Men's Christian Association, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P.M., in the Board of Managers' parlor (fourth floor) of the Y. M. C. A. building, 15th and Chestnut Streets. The object of this Lyceum is to familiarize its members with the parliamentary rules of order for practice in debate, oratory, etc., and to create, promote and cherish kindly feelings among its members. Every deaf-mute, of either sex, is cordially welcome (free of charge). Mr. Edward D. Wilson is President, and Mr. Joseph A. Turner, Secretary, No. 803 Federal Street, Camden, N. J.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P.M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. It object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, John Hogan, 298 Stanton St., New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named after Thomas H. Gallaudet, the founder of the first Institution for the instruction of the deaf and dumb in America, meets every other year in different parts of New England. The next gathering will be held in 1884, time and place to be determined by the Board, consisting of John T. Tillinghast, President; Oscar Kinsman, Vice-President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary; State Managers, John W. Page, for Maine; Varnum B. Wright, New Hampshire; George A. Holmes, Massachusetts; Frank C. Tasker, Rhode Island; and William H. Weeks, Connecticut. Any further information can be obtained by addressing the President, John T. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, Mass., or the Secretary, John F. Donnelly, Woonsocket, R. I.

THE TWILIGHT UNION.

The Twilight Union, a social organization of Brooklyn and New York, meets monthly at the residence of some one of its members or friends. Gentlemen and ladies residing at a distance, visiting this vicinity on pleasure or business, and desiring to attend the socials of this club, can do so upon introduction by some member. Secretary's address: No. 292 Jay Street, Brooklyn N. Y.

COLUMBUS.

SELLS BROTHERS' CIRCUS.

Gone Over to the Majority.

BREVITIES.

(From our regular correspondent.)

Tuesday, the 24th ult., was the opening day of the tenting season in Columbus. The Sells Brothers, the proprietors of the Circus and show, are well-known residents of this city. Notwithstanding the rainy weather which brought on a muddy condition of the grounds, the united energy of these showmen rose equal to the occasion of dismay and discouragement, and soon got everything into satisfactory shape. The day was bright, but quite cool. The grand street procession advertised to commence at half past nine o'clock in the morning, did not get started until two or three hours later. The school of this Institution was dismissed at eleven o'clock, and the children were treated to an opportunity of witnessing the gorgeous pageant. The *Evening Dispatch* prints the particulars as follows:

"The parade took place at noon, the procession leaving the grounds on Parsons Avenue and moved west on Town Street to Sixth Street, south to Rich, west to Third, south to Fulton Street, west to High, and thence north to Chestnut, and east to Third, whence they went south to Broad and thence east to the show grounds at the head of Oak Street on Parsons Avenue. The procession was conceded to be the largest and best that Sells Brothers ever made in Columbus. In fact it is believed it has never been surpassed by any show that has visited the city. The horses were spirited and in excellent condition. The wagons were newly painted and handsome. Five bands and two drum corps, made the streets resound with good music, two of the organizations being composed of colored men. Handsome equestriennes driving graceful ring stallions, and a long company of male riders in velvet and spangles, mounted upon gaily caparisoned steeds, with the general prevalance of bright colors, made the procession a peculiarly brilliant one. The elephants and camels were the only animals visible on the parade, owing probably to the severity of the weather. The dense crowds lining the sidewalks shivered with cold, and altogether it was a most uncomfortable day, yet the display seemed to repay all who remained to witness it.

This afternoon's exhibition opened at a disadvantage, owing to the low temperature and muddy condition of the ground. A plentiful supply of sawdust and straw was distributed, and everything possible was done to add to the comfort of the patrons of the show. The seats were comfortably filled, but there was not the familiar circus "jam." The ring performance opened with great vim, and the people grew enthusiastic, while they shivered in their seats. The ring was apparently muddy and in bad condition, in spite of all that could be done."

The next day was much pleasanter, and the pupils of this Institution who had received an invitation, attended the show and Circus in the afternoon and occupied seats in the South-east corner which had been reserved for not only the Deaf and Dumb but also for those from the Blind and Insane Asylums. The principal features of the Circus entertainment, which we witnessed, were the royal array of Hobearts in their richest robes, the interesting display of all the figures of equestrian movements, the unsurpassed leaping, the wonderful Herculean acts, the great bicycle act, the intelligent horse keeping pace with music, the clowns' work of merriment, the cute performances of trained dogs and the rope walking, which held all spellbound.

The mother of Mr. Bowersmith, one of our boys' attendants, was buried last week. She leaves six children, all of whom seem to have been well brought up, and are making their mark in the world.

Miss Carrie Smith, teacher, who obtained leave of absence for a few days, has returned to duty, and reports having had ever a very pleasant time on her business expedition to Cleveland, O.

Miss Fannie G. Camp slipped out to Lancaster, O., and hurried back, thus cheating your correspondent out of a good item for last week's number.

Miss Row returned from a successful visit to Westville, O., where she went to drive the blue away from her friend, our former articulation teacher, Miss Hattie Coggeshall.

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Atwood, may address them "452 Oak Street, Columbus, O."

The Angel of Death that had been hovering over this Institution for some days, entered into the hospital on the morning of Tuesday week, and bore away the young spirit of Matthew Cullen, a pupil from Darke County of this state. A few hours before he laid down his head forever, he asked a companion to bring to him the board and checkers, with whom he played a little while; it was his last innocent play on earth. Master Cullen was sixteen years of age, had been at school four or five terms, and although not possessed of a quick or bright mind, his was a very quiet and amiable disposition. On that morning we happened to be in, and saw the dim light go out. He died a peaceful death. Matthew leaves two sisters here, one of whom, the eldest, has been laid up with the measles, and was unable to be with him in his last hours. His remains were forwarded early the next morning to his father for interment.

The Buckeye Base Ball Club *did* play a game with the Live Oaks on that Sunday afternoon of last week, in spite of the rainy weather, and the latter received too big a goose egg for their good.

Mr. A. Rembeck, of Cincinnati, O., a friend of Prof. Samuel M. Freeman, of the Georgia State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, was informed that Mr. F. has lost his valuable Newfoundland dog, which he took with him down to the sunny South from the Queen city last fall when small. Its death was caused by poison being administered to it by some unknown miscreant.

The measles has disappeared entirely from this Institution. No other epidemic is prevailing; only there are a few cases of sickness of a slight nature.

John W. Freyman, of the 3d Grammar, who stood first in grade at the class examination last January, has gone home in consequence of his health being poor, made so by the measles.

The Scott tax law has had the effect of closing up many saloons in this city, and reports from all parts of the State are of the same tale.

Quite a number of the boys went fishing on Saturday, meeting with better success than the week before last.

Supervisor Lew. Flenniken has increased his stock of live curiosities. The last time it was a little fox; now it is a big owl. At the Russell conservatory we called on this wise-looking bird at an unseasonable hour. It was dreaming in a very happy mood, with a large dead rat in one of its claws.

Miss Warner, our excellent housekeeper, has gone off into the country for a change. After treading on the velvet green grass, strolling among the blossoming trees and keeping company with singing birds for a short time, we have not the slightest doubt, but that on her return, the bread will catch after her and taste still fresher.

They are getting ready to go into the Supreme Court of Ohio, to test the constitutionality of the Scott liquor tax law. The author of this bill and the new trustee for this institution are one and the the same man—the venerable Dr. James Scott.

Mr. Joseph Goldman, who hitherto made Cincinnati his home on account of his business there, has been compelled by the state of his health to make a change. Hereafter he will come down in the morning, and return to his home in Middletown, O., in the evening.

The great showman of this Institution, Mr. Lewis Flenniken, expects soon to add another curiosity to his menagerie—a monkey, if it does not die. Just now it is very ill and unable to come. Mr. Flenniken beats Barnum in one thing. He has a bigger heart; admission to his show is not only always free, but always welcome.

Mr. J. S. Lieb, of this city, has secured a permanent situation in a printing office of one of the daily papers of Columbus, in the place of a brother typo, who has become a victim of the wine cup.

Prof. C. N. Haskins was out of town over the Sabbath.

"Dundon and Ryn" were given about half a dozen doses of mention in the local column of the *Columbus Morning Journal* of last Saturday. They were to form the "battery" of their club in a game with the "Favorites," of Newport, Ky., that was to come off on that afternoon.

Old Winter called here last week in the form of a snow storm. Its visit was very much unexpected, and altogether very disagreeable.

Mrs. Sutton, of Newport, Kentucky, spent a day and night pleasantly with her friend on Deman and Betts streets, Cincinnati, recently. Mrs. S. has two little children, both very bright.

NUMBER FORTY ONE.

OUR "MAN ABOUT TOWN."

For the benefit of the JOURNAL readers, I will give the programme of the Manhattan Literary Association's entertainments for the coming month.

May 3d—Business meeting.

May 10th—Debate, "From which does the mind gain more knowledge, Reading or Observation?" Messrs. Charles O'Brien and Emil Basch will air their knowledge of Reading, and Messrs. S. M. Brown and S. P. Cornelius will champion the Observation side. Henry Frey will act as substitute for the former, and Fred Hoffman for the latter side. An essay by S. P. Cornelius, and a declamation by John Hogan will complete the evening's entertainment.

On the 17th of May, Mr. Adolph Ekartd will deliver a lecture, the title of which will be announced later.

The 24th will witness an interesting conflict in the shape of a debate on the subject, "Is Youth a more happy period than Old Age?" The affirmative will be represented by Messrs. Reynolds and Lowenstein, with Alex. L. Pach as substitute, and the negative by Franklin Campbell and J. P. Ijams, with J. Alexander as substitute. In addition to this, Mr. Froehlich will read an essay, and President Wilkinson will declaim.

Dr. E. M. Gallaudet will no doubt prove a "drawing card" on the 31st. The subject will be announced hereafter. This, surely, should prove an attractive month's programme, and the Manhattan Literary Literary Association are to be congratulated on furnishing so much amusement and brain-food.

At the meeting of the Manhattan Literary Association, on last Thursday evening, the question for debate was, "Is Divorce a hindrance to family Peace?" Your "Man-about-town" feeling in a sort of "sporting" mood, will describe it accordingly. The regular "nine" failed to put in an appearance, and a scrub match was arranged. Mr. Henry Frey and Adolph Ekartd for affirmative, and President Wilkinson and Mr. Lowenstein for negative. S. P. Cornelius took the chair, and opened the game. Frey came to the bat, and made first base, but, being unprepared, did not attempt to go farther. Lowenstein made a brilliant play, and reached second base. Ekartd followed, and with good play and a third-base hit, reached home. Wilkinson took the bat and sent a liner, which gave him safety. They took the same order the next inning, and then Alex. L. Pach took the bat for the affirmative side, and Mr. Campbell for the negative, he, however, was put out by a foul play. Umpire Cornelius summed up, and the score stood: Negative, runs made, 6; Affirmative, 0. None of the debators having voted, the negative lost three runs.

Mr. Fred Hoffman then followed with a stirring declamation on "Defence Hofer, the Tyrolese Patriot," which was vigorously applauded. Mr. Wilkinson made some incidental remarks on "Home Sweet Home," which Mr. Campbell misinterpreted, and he took the floor, and gave some ludicrous reminiscences of his early school days, when he found himself thirty miles from home, with no means of transportation, the ludicrousness of his remarks, connected with the illtimed rendering of them, was what made the members "double-up" with laughter. Mr. Ekartd, then recited "Home Sweet Home" in pathetic signs. Miaco O'Brien, Pach, Frey, Ekartd, and others then followed with short stories of a humorous character, when adjournment was announced. No doubt the "delicacy" of the subject for debate was what prevented the ladies from attending.

At the meeting of the Catholic Literary Union, on Wednesday evening, their coming picnic was discussed.

Mr. Hodes, the genial door-keeper of the Union Square Theatre, has a deaf-mute son, whom he contemplates putting in the New York school.

The plan of Thomas Brown proposed in the last JOURNAL is good, if it were feasible. Unfortunately it is not. The directors would not permit it, nor could they be blamed. The Institution then being undergoing its annual overhauling, preparatory to open the fall term, and could not be put in order again. As to feeding, and boarding the the delegates—the thing is not only improbable, but impossible.

Prof. Doremus will lecture before the "Guild of Silent Workers" on the 15th of May, in the Sunday School of St. Ann's Church, on "Gases in our Homes, Dangerous to Life." Tickets have been placed at 50 cents each, and can be procured of any of the members. Dr. Gallaudet will interpret for the deaf-mutes. A large audience should greet Prof. Doremus, not only in the interest of the cause, but to hear so able a man, on a subject that is of vital importance.

There was a noticeable absence of the "dudes" from St. Ann's last Sunday.

Quite a number of mutes crossed the Brooklyn Bridge on Sunday last.

John F. O'Brien was obliged to defer an intended trip to Newark, on account of illness in his family.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

CITY HALL, May 1, 1883.

St. Ann's D. M. Bible Class Building Fund for the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes.

NEW YORK, April 26, 1883.

Having been appointed by the Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, D.D., special treasurer for the Building Fund of St. Ann's Deaf-Mute Bible Class, as well as secretary, I desire to make a report of the money entrusted to me. So far, one hundred and seventy dollars ($170) have been handed me, and I deposited that amount to day in "The Institution for the Savings of Merchants' Clerks" thus: "Clement R. Thompson in Trust for Building Fund of The Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes."

I will report from time to time through the papers for the deaf, the state of the Bible Class Building Fund. Any one wishing to contribute to the Fund can send the money either to Dr. Gallaudet, who will hand it to me, or to me direct.

CLEMENT R. THOMPSON,
22 East 21 St.

Sec'y and Treas. St. Anns' D. M. Bible Class Building Fund.

Reduction of Fares.

MR. EDITOR:—Papers say that the Reunion of the Army of the Potomac takes place in Washington, D. C. on the 16th and 17th. There has been a general reduction of railroad fares, and all the principal lines will sell tickets for the round trip good from May 13th to 20th inclusive.

Deaf people desiring to go Washington to witness the unveiling of the Garfield bust at the National Deaf-Mute College May 16th, can avail themselves of that good opportunity.

S.

"Thundering Down The Ages."

DE WITT TOUSLEY'S GOOD LUCK—THE MINNESOTA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.
BY K. A. PFHAMSCHMIDT.

George, D. W.,
White, Harry,
"Why, Mister."

Friends, countrymen, deaf-mutes, male and female, bare your heads, and bow down with respect when you read these three names, "for, lo!" the trio has done great and lasting good for the people of this generation.

The first named, with tears in his eyes (?), sent forth an appeal for some one to "blow a bugle blast," and herald unto the people the fact that the National Convention meets this year.

Then, in response to this heart-rending prayer, "Mister Why" emerges from his potato field with a fish horn, and blows a mighty blast. He "blows" that Mr. Booth has gone to sleep or a fishing, and that people in general are lazy, slothful, and backward in matters pertaining to the Convention. He further "blows" just what ought to be done, who ought to do it, and who ought not to do it, and then after a few more puffs, he sits down "blowed out," so to speak.

Scarcely has his blast died away on the "desert ear," when upstarts Upstart White, and he sends forth a squealing toot. His fish horn announces amid clang and clatter that "Mister Why" is fresh on the subject, and does not know what he is talking about, and he plainly intimates that said "Mister" had better go to school a little longer, and get his "B.A," before he rises to the dignity of dictating as to who ought to do this and who that, in matters concerning which he does not know A from B. And then *he* "blows" what ought to be done, and who ought to do it, and he also "blows" that he is the only man in all this broad land competent to "blow" such information.

Now, in summing up the good that these men have done, we must take into consideration the fact that there never has been any actual doubt as to whose duty it is to appoint time and place, etc., of the next meeting, and if there had been, it is not *their* business to say upon whom the duty rests. Also let us consider that the man whose business it is to do these things, has not gone to sleep, but knows what he is about, and will do everything in proper season (probably before this reaches the JOURNAL office), and wholly independent of their "blows." However, they have blown a blast that has been heard,

"From Greenland's icy mountains
To India's coral strand;"

therefore it is meet that honor should should be done unto them.

Filled with this magnanimous spirit, K. A. P. moves each one be presented with a chromo, and that their names be put in a sack and sent "thundering down the ages," *via* the great Salt River Route.

Once in a while we hear of a deaf-mute suddenly and unexpectedly coming into possession of a little fortune, but is is seldom that a case slmilar to the following occurs:

Some eighteen years ago, Mr. DeWitt Tousley was a teacher at the Hartford Asylum, and like all men of sense, he deposited his earnings in bank. In the course of time, finding it advisable to enter other business, he resigned, and withdrew as he supposed all the money he had deposited in bank. But it now appears that a small sum remained to his credit, and during all these years it has been accumulating interest. Not long since he received letters from the bank officials inquiring as to his previous residence in Hartford, etc. Mr. Tousley was of course ignorant of the meaning of these inquiries, but gave the asked-for information, and after some delay and a great deal of corresponding, he was rewarded by receiving a letter informing him there was $330 and some odd cents in bank to his credit. Coming as it does from such an unlooked-for source, it is a very pleasant surprise. Mr. T. is to be congratulated on his good fortune. Pays better to put money in bank than invest in the Louisiana State Lottery, a fact which a good many would do well to think about.

The Minnesota Deaf-Mute Association was organized more than a month ago, yet no regular meetings have been held, and a good deal of uneasiness is gradually making itself apparant among the mutes. The cause of the delay is easily explained in the following words quoted from a letter written by the President to the Secretary: "I am aware that a feeling of impatience is growing among the members, and I regret the delay in calling a meeting; but I find it impossible to do so, for the reason that no suitable room can be secured at present, either temporarily or permanently."

When the association was organized, it was believed that the Young Men's Christian Association would grant the use of their parlors, and it was hoped regular meetings could be held undisturbed. But upon applying to the Young Men's Christian Association, it was found that the rooms now occupied by them were inadequate to admit such an arrangement. However, the association has now procured new, roomy and handsome apartments, and as soon as they are finished, and otherwise in readiness, our association will be permitted to hold meetings there.

A number of persons have already expressed their willingness to deliver lectures.

NEW YORK.

An Excursion and a Picnic.

JULY 19 FOR THE M. L. A.

August 31st for the C. L. U.

(From our regular corres pondent.)

Mr. Charles O'Brien, who with Messrs. Basch and Cornelius form the Committee of Arrangements to prepare an excursion to be held by the Manhattan Literary Association the coming summer, has announced that the excursion, this year, will take place on Thursday, July 19th, to Hudson Grove, on Long Island Sound. The barge "Vanderbilt" has been secured for the occasion.

It will doubtless be remembered that the excursion of 1880 was to that place, and was one of the most enjoyable ever held. As there was no steep hills to climb, and besides the sail was delightful.

The grove is between twenty and twenty-five miles from New York city, and nearly opposite the famous Glen Island.

It is intended that this will be a *recherche* affair, and that, if possible, it shall excel all previous efforts of the Manhattan Literary Association. With such an intelligent committee, such a thing is possible, and a good time may be anticipated by those who intend attending.

Benjamin Conkling, a friend of Mr. Washington Houston, is working as a compositor in Brown & Woods, in New York city.

Francis Horle was in New York city last week. He has started for Chicago in a Pullman palace box-car *a la* tramp.

The following is from the *Star* of a recent date:

"For some time past, an Austrian, named Henry Miller, eighteen years of age, has been begging money to pay his passage to Germany. Six months ago he obtained a sum from Emil Stephany of Sixty-third Street. Yesterday he called again upon Stephany with the same old story, and was arrested. At the Yorkville Court he said he came from Chicago about six months ago to this city to get work as a copyist, but he was not successful. He is deaf and dumb, and gave his answers in writing. He was sent to the Workhouse for four months."

John F. J. Tresch attended the dinner given by the Art Students' League last Thursday.

J. F. O'Neil, of Brooklyn, N. Y., crossed the Brooklyn Bridge three times last Saturday, and was delighted with the view. He says that it is worth coming a thousand miles to see, but denounces the trustees for proposing to open it on May 24th, the birthday of Queen Victoria.

The Catholic Literary Union have at last decided whether or not to have a picnic. The proprietor of the Empire City Colosseum, 68th and 69th Streets and Avenue A, gave them the refusal of the grounds for August 31st, three weeks ago, and warned them if they did not notify him whether they accepted his terms within three weeks, he would let the grounds to other parties. The three weeks being up, the Catholic Literary Union closed with the proprietor, and have secured the most magnificent picnic grounds in the country. What sort of a programme will be prepared, we are unable to say, but with a plentiful supply of cash, and an equal amount of brains among the Committee of Arrangements, an enjoyable affair may be looked forward to.

The following is from the *Roman News* of arecent date. It is the English paper of Rome Italy:

"Ballin, the handsome deaf-mute, has removed his studio to 33 Via Marquetta, where among his Spanish friends he is always hard at work, developing that talent which he has given such rich promise of. He really has already turned out some rich water-colors. Certain of his Venetian pieces are worthy of high praise, especially, when it is remembered that he was seriously ill during almost the whole of his visit last autumn, in Venice." X.

PHILADELPHIA.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE CHIROLOGICAL LYCEUM—THE PROPOSED SATURDAY NIGHT CLUB—MINOR MATTERS.

The Second Anniversary of the Chirological Lyceum took place before a large audience, composed of both deaf-mutes and hearing persons, in the parlor of the Young Men's Christian Association, corner 15th and Chestnut streets, on Wednesday evening, April 25th.

At fifteen minutes past eight o'clock, Mr. Lipsett read a letter from President Wilson, in which he expressed regret at his inability to be present, on account of sickness.

The exercises of the programme were then begun with, the only change made being the delivery of the introductory remarks, which were rendered by Mr. Lipsett in place of Mr. Wilson, indisposed. They were a few well-chosen words, and interpreted to those who could hear by Prof. Crouter, who also interpreted throughout the evening.

Vice-President Sharrar, then again introduced Mr. Lipsett to deliver his reading (selected), his subject being Peter Cartwright, which he did in an able manner.

Following came an oration by Mr. Washington Houston. His subject was "Opposite Examples," and he rendered it in his usual imposing style of delivery. Upon his conclusion, Mr. Lipsett took the floor, and formally presented him with a gold headed cane, bearing the inscription, "Washington Houston, by the Chirological Lyceum," in behalf of the Lyceum. It was a great suprise to him.

Mr. Joseph Bruthi then recited a story of the late Thurlow Weed, the eminent journalist of New York, and a relative of Prof. Geo. L. Weed, of the Deaf and Dumb Institute here.

Shortly after this the audience, which sat for nearly three quarters of an hour in silent admiration, beamed with smiling faces as Mr. Houston told about "A husband's Experience in Cooking," which was real humorous. In concluding his reading, he deemed it advisable to give a few words of advice, which, not lacking in humor, did not all appear out of place. Among other things he said, "I, myself, am pleased with a good wife, who knows how to cook and sew, so that I do not have to make my own bread and cakes or sew on the buttons of my pantaloons when they come off."

After this came the rendition of a selected essay by Mr. Jos. A. Turner, his subject being "How to make money for the Missionaries."

Next came what had been considered the most important feature on the programme, a debate on, "Resolved: That the banishment of Napoleon Bonaparte to St. Helena, was unjustifiable." Messrs. Chas. H. Sharrar and R. N. Stevenson, of Ohio, supported the Affirmative side, and Messrs. Jos. A. Turner and Wm. H. Lipsett, the Negative. There were no judges. We regret to say not enough spirit was manifested in the discussion of so important a subject, and therefore can not bestow so much credit as we might otherwise do.

The last exercise was the reading of the "Romance of the Rose," by Mr. John R Lewis, who acted his part well. The meeting was then dismissed.

There is no end of talk about a proposed Saturday Night Club, or something of the like here. The intelligent mutes favor it, and the assurance that if one is organized, it shall be *sound free*, does much towards gaining a host of supporters. Already over twenty-five mutes (if we are not mistaken) are in favor of it. The sole object of the club shall be the social and intellectual improvement of its members. All the business matters of the club shall be invested in *one* committee, known as the *Executive Committee*, to warrant it a safe guard against too oft controveries. *The only and the greatest difficulty is the finding of a suitable place in which to hold the meetings;* otherwise the society would already be in existence. It is also expected that the meetings of the club will be held fortnightly only. The delay may be due to the fact that no general meeting has yet been called to push the matter "Upward and Onward." The above is merely a suggestion of a part of the new proposition.

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet was present at the meeting of the Clerc Literary Association last Thursday, and made an address. The other event of the evening was a debate on the subject, "Do accidents occur oftener in traveling by water than by land?" The Affirmative side won.

Messrs. Bailey, Banks & Biddle, the leading jewelers of this city, have on exhibition in their show window at the corner of 12th and Chestnut Streets, two life-size marble busts of exquisite workmanship, surmounted on very handsome pedestals—that on the right, of President Garfield, and that on the left, of President Lincoln. Your correspondent gazed at them for a while—particularly at Garfield—with no little admiration, and being reminded of our memorial bust whose unveiling will take place in a few weeks, for a moment imagined that he had "a taste beforehand," thinking it to be similar to ours.

Prof. Crouter's class of "superfines" was present at the entertainment, as were also some of the "silent greys," and the Miss Levering, and Messrs. Miles and Coyle, all of Manayunk. There were doubtless others who came a long distance to honor the Lyceums second anniversary by their presence.

"Little Rep" acknowledges "Violet's" compliments with the most sincere thanks. The prize awarded him was the second for drawing from the Round. It is a large oil-painting box, and a beautitul certificate of award.

The Lyceum entertainment generally was a success. Probably two hundred persons, which no doubt was due to the beautiful weather.

"Lester Montrose," was short of about a half column last week. A big falling off!

4–30–'83. LITTLE REP.

A CARD.

The undersigned respectfully notifies those who have written to him applying for positions in the New Jersey Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, that applications received by him have been placed on file, and will be laid before the Board of Trustees.

It will be impossible, owing to press of business, to reply separately to each communication received, and applicants are requested to accept this card as an acknowledgment of their letters.

WESTON JENKINS,
Supt. Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.
May 1st 1882.

A GAME OF CHESS.

Played by Correspondence between D. W. George, of Illinois and, S. H. Howard, of Michigan.

HOWARD WINS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—In acceptance of my challenge, Mr. Dudley Webster George and the writer commenced to play a game of chess by correspondence November 18th, 1882, and finished April 24th, 1883, It lasted nearly five months. As to which side beat, I refer the readers to Mr. George's last letter which says:—"The end has come at last, and the victory is yours. I here extend my right hand, and offer my hearty congratulations upon your success."

I think the game was quite interesting, as the play on both sides had been conducted with great caution and closeness, but as the end was nigh, he unwittingly changed both of his knights for my bishop and knight, which led to his defeat. I present to the readers, for criticism, the following moves:

	White. S. H. HOWARD.	*Black.* D. W GEORGE.
1	P to K 4	P to K 4
2	Kt to K B 3	Kt to Q B 3
3	K B to Q B 4	K B to Q B 4
4	P to Q B 3	K Kt to B 3
5	P to Q 4	P x P
6	P x P	B to Q Kt 5 ch
7	Q Kt to Q 2	B x Kt ch
8	B x B	K Kt x K P
9	Castles	Castles
10	Q B to K 3	P to Q 4
11	K B to Q Kt 3	B to K 3
12	K R to K sq	Kt to K 2
13	Kt to K 5	P to K B 3
14	P to K B 3	Kt to Q 3
15	Kt to Q 3	P to Q B 3
16	B to K B 2	B to K B 2
17	P to K R 4	R to K sq
18	B to Q B 2	Kt (at K2) to K B 4
19	P to K Kt 4	Kt to K R 3 *a*
20	K to Kt 2	K to K B sq
21	R to K 2	R x R
22	Q x R	Kt to Kt sq
23	P to K R 5	P to K Kt 4
24	Kt to K B 4	Q to K sq
25	Q x Q	R x Q
26	P x P	P x P
27	B x P	B x B
28	Kt x B ch	K to K B 2
29	Kt to K B 4	K to K 2
30	P to Q Kt 4	P to K B 4
31	P to K Kt 5 *b*	Kt to K Kt 3
32	B to K Kt 3	Kt x Kt *c*
33	B x Kt	R to K 3 *d*
34	B x Kt	R x B
35	R to K sq	P to Q Kt 3 *e*
36	R to K 5	K to Kt 3
37	P to K B 4	P to Q B 4
38	P x P	P x P
39	P x P	R to Q R 3
40	R x Q P	R x P ch
41	K to K B 3	R to R 6 ch
42	K to K 2	R to R 7 ch
43	R to Q 2	Resigns!

(*A*) 19. Kt to K B4 is a poor move.

(*B*) Mr. G's postal of March 24th, says: "Your 31st move shows that you discovered 'a nigger on the fence,' when I offered to exchange pawns at K B4. You very wisely declined to bite." The exchange would have been the cause of my defeat.

(*C*) 32. Kt to O B5 would have been much better.

(*D*) 33d move is fatal. Mr. G. should have saved his knight.

(*E*) Mr. G. wrote: "I am the under dog in the fight." He is right, as it is impossible for him to turn me under after that move.

I will quote a few of Mr. George's amusing remarks. In the sixteenth move, he wrote: "It has a decidedly drawish aspect. 'It looks very much like a whale.' But 'we shall see what we shall see.' Have you noticed two roosters challenge each other to combat—each tries to stare the other out of countenance, with feathers making halo around their heads, and picking up sticks, and looking savage, and then fight.'"

In another postal, he wrote: "You are a tortoise shutting yourself up in your shell, bidding defiance to me, while I am a porcupine rolling myself up into a spiked ball challenging you to touch me, if you dare. In other words, we have been cautiously strengthing our position before engaging in the clash of arms." In the nineteenth move, he said: "The storm of the conflict is now beginning to rumble. Your pawns are coming."

The total cost of our correspondence amounted to something less than one dollar, but the expense is of very little matter to us, as we enjoy chess as much as Grant does smoking.

Chess has been my chief solace for over fifteen years; it has been the greatest panacea for my sorrow and disappointments in life. I am virtually wedded to Chess for life, and nothing under the sun can ever destroy my love for my own Darling Chess.

Chess is the most interesting and most scientific game, it being the most purely intellectual of all games of skill. During the summer of 1881, I introduced myself to Mr. George at his residence in Chicago; and when I commenced to play a game of chess with him, I discovered that I had not in ten years met with such a skillful deaf-mute player as Mr. George.

About thirty battles had, in the course of two months, been fought, resulting in a victory for my worthy adversary, he having won 15, and the writer 11, and the rest were drawn.

Last summer, I confronted the same genial player, and entertained him in thirteen battles, in which he carried off seven trophies, while I managed to win six.

I have heard several times of Mr. Morrison Heady, of Kentucky, and Mr. Lobrano, of New Orleans, being very good chess-players. Some friends of mine have suggested to me to send challenges to both, and I would be pleased to try them in a few friendly games, although I do not claim to be the champion of deaf-mute chess-players in the world.

It seems to me that it would do very well for us to have a Chess Tournament in New York, where the National Deaf-Mute Convention is to be held there in August. To chess-players, I say, Gentlemen, what think you?

SIDNEY HERBERT HOWARD.
FLINT, April 25, 1883.

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FANWOOD.

A FAREWELL PARTY.

Echoes of the Last Week of April.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Saturday evening, at eight o'clock, a pleasant little company composed of the High Class and a few of the officers and teachers, assembled in the Institution parlor to give Prof. Jenkins a "send off." Miss Annie C. Bryan, in behalf of the High Class girls, had written the following farewell address, which was read, orally, to the Professor by a gentleman present:

DEAR TEACHER:—How we wish that the poet's magic eloquence was ours, that we might the more accurately make you comprehend how truly and deeply we regret losing you. We have anticipated this event and endeavored to reconcile ourselves to the inevitable, but now that the hour of parting has really come and we realize that the pleasant relations which have existed between us so long are to be severed, and that never again as we daily enter our schoolroom will we be greeted by your kind face and pleasant smile, all our former fortitude deserts us, and we find the task of bidding you farewell, dear teacher, far more difficult than we ever imagined. Still this trial, like every other, is not wholly devoid of its intermingling of sweet with the bitter, and the reminiscence of our past school life in which you have figured so conspicuously, will in the future prove both a pleasure and solace to us. In you, we have been so fortunate as to find teacher and friend united. Your untiring efforts to promote our intellectual advancement and the conscientious discharge of your arduous duties, are all vividly presented to our recollections, and we hope that the germs of knowledge which you have planted in our minds will daily expand, and that when the mystic veil which now shrouds the future is removed, they will be revealed in all the bloom and beauty of perfect maturity. We hope that Benignant Fortune will ever smile upon you and yours, and that the pupils who will be under your care in your new position will learn to love and honor you as we have done. As a slight token of the sincerity of our professions, we present you this little gift, which we hope will prove a pleasant souvenir when you are in your new home. That your bark may glide tranquilly on over the tumultuous waves of time till it nears the golden shore and anchors safely within the portals of that beautiful "haven of rest and peace," is the earnest wish of

Your affectionate pupils,
THE HIGH CLASS GIRLS.

At the conclusion, Mr. Jenkins was presented with a bronze inkstand and a hand-painted horseshoe. Both were exceedingly pretty, the former being the gift of the class girls, and the latter (painted by Miss Hagadorn) of Miss Bryan.

Prof. Clarke then read the following address, written by Mr. Geo. S. Porter, in behalf of the boys:

DEAR TEACHER:—So unlooked for is your resignation of your position as teacher over us, to accept the Principalship of the New Jersey institution, that it has caused us no little surprise and sorrow. It is hard for us to think that one who has known us so intimately, who has spent his best efforts to further our intellectual wants, and who has borne with great fortitude the many occasions when we were slow in our movements and indifferent in our actions, must break the ties which have so firmly bound us together.

As a small token of our regard and esteem, we present you with our class photograph, hoping it may bring back to you in your declining years, many interesting incidents of your career as teacher in our Institution.

Although we are compelled to see you bid farewell to us and to our Institution, we still hope that you will have abundance of success and happiness in the new field of labor upon which you are about to enter.

Very gratefully yours,
HIGH CLASS BOYS.

Prof. Jenkins was then told that a framed photograph of the Peet Literary Society would be presented to him as soon as possible. It was given to him Monday evening.

Refreshments were served at about nine o'clock, and the time until ten was spent very agreeably.

Alex. Pach again had business with a young lady teacher here Monday evening last. He remained quite late.

Richard Herrick, a graduate of the Institution, and who has been working in a Greenwich, Ct., screw factory, was discharged about three weeks ago. It appears he misunderstood an order from the boss who reported him to the Superintendent of the factory, and as Richard had very often been guilty of similar misunderstandings, he had to go. Since then he has had no work.

Theodora Way, a former pupil, died at her home in Canaedes, N. Y., on the 31st of March. Consumption is is supposed to be the cause.

Now the airy, fairy lass,
Sees "Evangeline" on the grass.

Alfred Emmons, leaving "artistic business" in the neighborhood of the Institution on Wednesday of last week, dropped in and had a happy time.

Mr. Lechthaler, foreman of the shoe shop, was absent a few hours each day for three or four days last week, he being called as a witness in a law suit pending between parties residing in the vicinity.

As the Manhattan Literary Association is the representative mute society of New York City, its members should feel it incumbent upon them to provide amusement for the members of the National Convention, when it commences in August. We are sure it would be more appreciated by the majority of mutes attending, than an entertainment provided by any other city society. Not that we mean to insinuate that other societies are unable to get up an enjoyable affair, but the Manhattan Literary Society is the oldest and best mute organization in Gotham, therefore should not let inferior societies give it a lesson in what may be called "common courtesy."

The High Class visited the Museum of Natural History, at 82d Street, Thursday afternoon last. The visit was both instructive and entertaining.

George Grubear, a graduate of a few years ago, communicates to a friend here the startling information that he is earning $4 a week with board, and is now ready for matrimonial proposals.

Mr. James Wheeler, who has been sick for about a month, called on Friday of last week.

A. Lincoln Thomas went home to Catskill, N. Y., Friday, to help his parents move. He will be away for about two weeks.

Willie Porter, son of ex-Superintendent Porter, dropped in on Sunday. He did not look in his accustomed health.

Mrs. Carson and her two little boys joined the Doctor here last week.

Mrs. Daniel Ward, *nee* Nettie Seaver, made Prof. Jenkins and family a call on Sunday.

Prof. Mann supped with Supervisor Howell on the 29th ult.

Mr. Wm. Sprague, who graduated seventeen years ago, visited us last week. He resides in Sullivan County, and came down the Delaware River on a raft, it taking him three days to complete the journey.

Prof. Clarke will teach the High and First Classes until the close of the term. Prof. Jones will have charge of the second class.

George Wormeth returned from Roosevelt Hospital on Friday, and was "conspicuous" for a few hours.

Our deaf, dumb and blind reporter, James H. Caton, hands us the following:—"Last Friday afternoon, Miss Toles invited some of Miss Montgomery's charming girls into Mr. Jones' school-room in order to see Mr. Caton work on the type-writer. He was, of course, much pleased, and tried to make their visit a pleasant one, and the girls were agreeably surprised to see that he, though a blind deaf-mute, could write very fast on the type-writer. The names of the girls who visited him, were Misses Martha Hasty, Daisy Hollister, Ella Eckel, Virginia Lovell, Lillie Davenport, Grace Dener, Mary Nicholson, Catharine Schaefer, Annie Rinneberg and Carrie Dixon."

Supervisor Howell, with accustomed liberality, will present a $1.50 base ball to the winners of a match game between the boys composing the staff of waiters, and the monitors at the tables in the dining room. Excitement gallops through the veins of all concerned.

CHIP.

A Reporter in Disguise.

One figure at the Vanderbilt ball puzzled the guests; it was that of a nun. At first it was thought that this sombre personage was the excellent woman who presides over Mrs. Vanderbilt's nursery, but presently it began to be whispered about that there was a pencil attached to the rosary, and that the flowing sleeves helped to conceal a note-book. Yes, it was the irrepressible reporter, who, thus costumed, glided among the guests, the veritable "chief" of tradition. She pinioned a Bostonian well known at Newport, in the beautiful—I may say historical—bathroom, and sternly asked him what he was. "I don't know," was the reply; however, he finally imparted the character, he was supposed to represent. Then he thought he would have his little joke. "Do you know," he said, "I thought at first that you were appearing as a widow."

"Sir," was the freezing rejoinder, "I am a widow."

The guest fled, and the nun continued her business-like inquiries of the next passer by, and that is how, over its matutinal coffee on the morrow, New York was enabled to read such an elaborate account—sometimes a little incorrect, but, on the whole, remarkably detailed—of this extraordinary festivity.

Swapping a Jackass, for a $40,000 Lot.

(From the Pittsburgh Dispatch.)

Henry Clay once owned the lot opposite the White House, in Washington, and Commodore John Rogers wanted it, but the old Whig persistently refused to dispose of it. On his return from the Mediterranean, the Commodore brought in one of his vessels a fine Andalusian jackass, which Clay wanted for his Kentucky stock farm. All his offers were rejected, until one day the Commodore said: "You can have him for your lot opposite the White house." "Done!" was Clay's reply, and the animal was shipped off to Kentucky. The Commodore built the now historic house which Secretary Seward occupied during the war. Here Payne endeavored to assassinate him on the night when President Lincoln was shot. The lot is now valued at $40,000.

Be Saving.

With an economical wife at the head of a house, much can be accomplished. The idea of saving is a pleasant one; and if wives imbibed it once, they would cultivate it and adhere to it; and thus when they are not aware of it, they would be laying the foundation of a competent security in a stormy time, and shelter in a rainy day. The wife who sees to her own house has a large field to save in. The best way for her to comprehend it is to keep an account of all current expenses. Probably not one woman in ten has an idea how much are the expenditures of herself and family. Let the housewife take the hint, act upon it, and she will save something where before she thought it impossible. This is a study, yet not a sordid avarice, but a moral obligation that rests upon the women as well as the men.

Trust a Boy.

Somewhat more than fifty years ago I was appointed a midshipman in the navy and sent to New York. I was only fourteen years old, and being of a delicate make and small stature, did not look more than eleven. My previous life had been spent in the country, and I knew nothing of city ways or business proceedings. Pay-day was on the 30th of the month, but I wanted some money on the 20th, and passing through Wall street I went into a broker's office and said—

"You lend money here, do you not?"

"Yes."

"I want to borrow twenty dollars for ten days," I said.

I did not then understand the quizzical manner with which the broker looked at me for a few moments before replying:—

"You shall have it, and I wont charge you any interest for it either."

He gave me the money, and I signed a receipt; and I need not add, the twenty dollars was promptly returned at the expiration of ten days. I am sorry that I have forgotton the name of the broker. I mentioned the incident many years afterward to a gentleman who said it was the most extraordinary story he had ever heard of a Wall street broker, of all men.

The other case happened in Washington about fifteen years ago. I was standing in the porch of Willard's Hotel, when a little boy with a bright, honest face said to me,—

"Please, sir, lend me twenty-five cents to set up in business? I want to buy some newspapers to sell."

I replied—

"My boy, I haven't got twent-five cents, but here are fifty cents, and when you want to return it you will find me at this hotel."

"Thank you," said the little lad, "I will bring it back."

I never expected to see him or the money again, and considered it a donation; but in the evening as I was walking up and down in the entrance hall smoking, my coat was pulled by a little newsboy, and I turned and beheld the youngster who had applied for a loan in the morning, with the same bright face that attracted me then.

"Well, my man, what is it?" I was said, as though I didn't know him.

"I have brought you back your fifty cents, sir," said he. "and I am ever so much obliged to you. I have made more than a dollar clear profit with your money."

No Times Like Old Times.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* thus discourses in a lay sermon preached for the benefit of those who are perpetually contrasting the present unfavorably with the past:

"Dearly beloved, so there are men in Burlington this Sabbath morning, who sigh for the 'good old times,' when our times surpass those of Solomon more than his days surpassed the years of Egyptian bondage. You can buy a box of matches to-day for five cents, while Solomon's throne of ivory and gold couldn't have bought one match. The Queen of Sheba thought Solomon's wisdom and greatness were beyond comprehension; what would she say could she only have beheld a yard engine of the Burlington & Northwestern narrow gauge? The weight of gold that came to Solomon in one year was six hundred three-score and three talents of gold, but with all of it he couldn't buy a common hard coal base burner. He had fourteen chariots, and 1,200 horsemen, but he couldn't telegraph to Hiram that he wanted a cedar raft as soon as it could be shipped, and he couldn't even give his messenger a horse that could trot in 2:30. There wasn't a newspaper or a printing press in his kingdom, so he didn't know what it was to write 'dimes' and see it printed 'dinners.' There are conveniences to-day in the county almshouse that Solomon had to go without. We can buy a watch for $20—yes, for $5—that he couldn't have bought with his kingdom. We haven't so many wives as he had, but we have better children, much better, indeed; for while Solomon had the theory of training children all right, he never put it into practice in his own family."

Censoriousness.

He who blames others the most, is usually the most to be blamed. A quick eye to detect the faults of another, has usually a blind side to his own. A sharp tongue moved by an unquiet spirit wanteth not words and complainings. To rebuke, reprove, exhort, with all long suffering, and patience, and prayer, is one thing. To reprove sharply, and with a censorious spirit, is another. "Thou hypocrite, first cast the beam out of thine own eye, then thou shalt see clearly to cast the note out of thy brother's eye!"

The noted Dr. Denhle, of St. Petersburg, treats diphtheria by first given the patient a laxative, and when its operation has ceased he gives cold drink acidulated with hydrochloric acid, and then a gargle of lime water and hot milk in equal parts every two hours.

On the appearance of decided symptoms of a felon, unquestioned surgical authority prescribes the following treatment: Place directly over the spot a fly-blister about the size of your thumb-nail, and let it remain for six hours, at the expiration of which time, directly under the surface of the blister, may be seen the felon, which can be instantly taken out with the point of a needle or a lancet.

THE DUDE.

"What is the dude, papa?" she said,
With sweet, inquiring eyes,
And to the knowledge-seeking maid,
Her dadd thus replies:

A weak mustache, a cigarette,
A thirteen button vest,
A curled rim hat—a minaret—
Two watch chains cross the breast.

A pair of bangs, a lazy drawl,
A lackadaisy air;
For gossip at the club or ball,
Some little past "affair."

Two pointed shoes, two spindle shanks,
Complete the nether charms;
And follow fitly in the ranks
The two bow-legged arms.

An empty head, a buffoon's sense,
A posing attitude;
"By Jove!" "Egad!" "But aw!" "Immense!"
All these make up the dude.

—*Philadelphia Press.*

THE LAPLANDERS.

Lapland is the most northerly country in Europe. It may be roughly said to comprehend all that region lying between the Polar Ocean and the Arctic Circle, and the Atlantic Ocean and the White Sea. In Lapland the summers are short, and, though very warm during the day, are invariably cool and delicious at night. The winters, however, are long and very severe.

In 1556, the master of an English ship named the Serchthrift, while making a voyage of discovery to the northward and eastward of Europe and Asia, called at the coast of Norway, where the town of Vardonuus is now located. Near there he found a land called Lappia, and its inhabitants, the Lappians, are, he writes, "a wild people, which neither knew God, nor yet good order, and these people live in tents made of deer-skins; and they have no certain habitations, but continue in herds and companies by one hundred or two hundred. And they are a people of small stature, and are clothed indeer-skins, and drink nothing but water, and eat no bread but flesh all raw." The above account written three hundred years ago is, with some slight modifications, still true of the descendants of the Lappians, the Lapplanders of to-day.

The Lapps are divided into two classes, *viz.*, the Mountain and Sea Lapps. The Mountain Lapps dwell among the mountains, and subsist principally on reindeers, of which they have immense herds. They are very hospitable, and are, nominally at least, Christians. The following is a description of an encampment of Mountain Lapps, from a recently published work on Norway, Sweedland and Lapland. "The tents at its base did not seem more than eight feet in diameter; in the centre a fire made with juniper branches was blazing brightly, having been lighted on our account, for the people have to be economical in the use of wood. In the small space on each side of the tent—the other side, on the left of the door, having been cleared for us—lay huddled together on reindeer-skins wet with rain, three women, four children, two men, and four dogs. The clothes of the men, women and children were of reindeer-skins, with the hair turned inside; the faces of the children looked as if they had never been washed, and those of the grown people could not have been touched by water for a fortnight; they were continually putting their hands through the opening in their garments near the neck, and the suggestion was not pleasant. A large quantity of reindeer meat and other kinds of food lay upon the skins on which these people were to sleep. Such was the picture of the first Lapp tent I saw, and I may add it also proved the worst," the others being cleaner and larger. Of course, as the winters are very severe, the Lapps have to dress very warmly. Their outer garments are ordinarily of reindeer-skins, and the inner ones of some thick stuff. Their principal mode of travelling in winter, and they have to move often, as their herds of reindeers would otherwise starve, is by means of sledges drawn by deer, and snow-shoes. As the country is very mountainous, travelling is dangerous, as the deer are very apt to take fright, and run away. They manage to descend mountains in the following manner: They first unharness all the reindeer except one, which is attached to the foremost sledge, and tie them in the rear. As the deer do not like to be dragged down hill by the neck, they pull back, and acting as a drag, prevent the the sledges going too fast. The sledges, sometimes six or eight, are tied together, and their owners sit with a leg on each side of the sledge, in order to regulate the speed. The speed being great, constant practice is necessary, and even with the utmost care, broken legs are frequent. The snow-shoes used by the Lapps are very unlike those of North American Indians. At first glance one may think them clumsy, on account of their great length. Those used in a mountainous or wooded country are the shortest, and are generally six or seven feet long, while in some other parts, they measure from fourteen to sixteen feet. They are made of fir wood, about one third of an inch thick at the centre, which is the thickest part, and four or five inches wide. There is a piece of birch at the centre, and over this is a loop, through which the instep of the foot is passed, the part near the foot is convex, so that the weight of the body can not bend the shoe downward. The under part is very smooth, with a narrow furrow, both ends are pointed. Snow-shoes must not be raised, but slid one after the other, unless when going down a hill, then the feet are kept side by side, if possible. The natives can easily go ten or fifteen miles an hour, when the snow is firm and in good condition. For a beginner, the great difficulty is to keep the two shoes exactly parallel, and prevent them from becoming entangled with each other.

The Sea Lapps or Soclappen, as their name indicates, dwell by the sea, and generally support themselves by fishing. Originally all the Lapps were nomadic, but the difficulty of finding sufficient food within the limited space to which the increasing civilization of the neighboring nations had gradually restricted them, has compelled many of them to settle near the coast. The Sea Lapps outnumber the Mountain Lapps. Some of them can read and write, having been taught by Norwegian schoolmasters. The Lapp race is said to number at the present day only 17,000 souls.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

"WEST SHORE ROUTE."

PROGRESS OF THE WORK—OPERATING DEPARTMENT BEING ORGANIZED—A FIRST CLASS DOUBLE TRACK RAILWAY ABOUT TO COMMENCE BUSINESS.

The New York, West Shore & Buffalo Railway will soon pass out of the category of projected roads and take a strong position among the double track trunk lines between New York and the West. The Hudson River Division, extending from New York City to Albany, and the Mohawk Division, extending from Coeyman's, on the Hudson River Division, to the City of Syracuse, will be opened for traffic in the summer—probably in June next. The divisions mentioned are rapidly assuming the appearance of a first-class railway, and being the most costly and difficult portion of the road to construct, their completion gives satisfactory assurance that the double track will be extended to Buffalo, the western terminus, within the present year.

The physical features of the line were well stated by Civil Engineer Robert E. O'Brien, who recently investigated the work in behalf of a syndicate interested in the securities, reporting as follows:

"The road-bed and track are made as near perfect as engineering science will admit. Standard plans, based upon the best experience and practice, have been adopted for all the work and structures, thereby insuring the best mode of construction, while good workmanship and material have been secured by rigid inspection The cuts and embankments are made of unusual width (two feet wider than other roads in the State), so that the tracks can be placed at the maximum distance apart (thirteen feet from centre to centre), and, where possible, the surplus excavation has been utilized in widening the embankments, affording extra siding and storage room for future use. The masonry is massive and built in the most substantial manner, extraordinary pains being taken to obtain good foundations.

"The bridging is of iron, proportioned to carry locomotives of 85 tons weight, being 50 per cent. stronger than the bridging used on competing roads. At the crossing of streams ample water-way is allowed, and the road-bed well protected against injury from freshets. The track is being laid with 67-lb steel rails (same as used on the Pennsylvania Railroad), particular care being taken with the joints, which are fastened by heavy angle splices 36 inches long bearing on three cross-ties. The ballast is of stone laid on a sub-ballast of gravel."

The passenger equipments, to be furnished by the Pullman Palace Car Company, will embrace all the latest appliances essential to the comfort of travelers, introducing new methods of heating and lighting, as well as many new features designed to promote security and pleasure in traveling. A large and fine terminal station is under way at Weehawken. Several large and swift boats, with iron hulls, have been built expressly for service between the terminal station at Weehawken and the city landings, one of which is at the foot of Forty-second street; the other is down-town, at a point convenient to that section. These boats will equal, and in some respects surpass, the finest boats on the river engaged in like service.

The easy grades, light curves, new motive power, steel rails, fine equipment and road-bed—as nearly perfect as scientific experience and liberal expenditure can secure—will enable the "West Shore Line to successfully compete for the first-class tourist travel to and from West Point, the Catskills, Albany, Saratoga, Lake George, the Adirondacks, Montreal, and all resorts in the provinces, during the excursion season of the present year.

Mr. Henry Monett, the General Passenger Agent, whose office is at No. 24 State Street, New York City, invites correspondence with those interested in the development of the numerous pleasure resorts accessible by the "West Shore Route."

What Made Them Laugh.

A shark swimming about a schooner off the coast of Florida swallowed an alarm clock that accidently fell overboard, and when, about two hours later, the alarm rang inside of him, his terror was so great that he jumped twenty feet out of water, and the deck hands on the boat had to lie down and laugh.

REV. MR. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Flint, 10:30 A.M.,	May	6
" 3:00 P.M.,	"	6
" 7:30 P.M., Confirmation,	"	6
East Saginaw, 7:30 P.M.,	"	7
Grand Rapids, 7:30 P.M.,	"	8
Jackson, 7:30 P.M.,	"	9
Albion, 7:30 P.M.,	"	10
Indianapolis, 9:00 A.M.,	"	13
" 2:30 P.M.,	"	13
" 4:00 P.M.,	"	13
Gambier, 7:30 P.M., (Probable),	"	16
St. Louis, 10:30 A.M.,	"	20
" 3:00 P.M.,	"	20
" 7:30 P.M., Combined service (Probable),	"	20
Decatur, 7:30 P.M.,	"	21
Jacksonville, 7:30 P.M.,	"	22
St. Louis—Diocesan Convention	"	23
Chicago, 3:00 P.M.,	"	27
" 7:30 P.M., Combined service (Probable),	"	27
Delavan, 7:30 P.M.,	"	28

Insure in a Safe Association.

The undersigned Secretary-Treasurer and General Agent of and for the Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Benefit Association of Mexico, N. Y., begs permission to present a few ideas, which he hopes every reader of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL will carefully note and bestow upon them candid consideration.

Question 1. Is life insurance an object?

Answer. Every sensible man and woman will readily concede that it is.

Q. 2. With what shall I insure?

A. Most assuredly in a Company or Association encompassed with safeguards sufficient to guarantee the assured against a possibility of loss.

Q. 3. Is it possible, in the days of human degeneracy and frauds that such an institution can be found?

A. It is not only possible, but a self-evident fact, well-qualified and duly established.

Q. 4. Wonder of wonders! Are we living in an age of miracles?

A. Not necessarily. It simply points us to the sublime truth that, although selfishness, greed and fraud are preponderating sins which marshal their mighty hosts on the plains of life, there is still encompassed in humanity a tincture of inherent goodness, and a desire to benefit others.

Q. 5. "'Tis strange! 'Tis passing strange!" Can you cite such a case of such extreme self-disinterestedness, looking for the best interests of humanity?

A. We can; and we are prepared to vouch for it.

Q. 6. Will you give the name of this exceptional example of innate goodness?

A. It is found within the precincts of the Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Benefit Association.

Q. 7. Will you please present for our benefit an abstract statement of the object of the above-mentioned institution, together with its proffered advantages?

A. With the most exquisite pleasure. The Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Benefit Association was incorporated in conformity with the insurance laws of the State of New York during the winter of 1882-3, having its articles of incorporation filed in the offices of the Secretary of State and the County Clerk of Oswego County.

The objects of the Association are threefold, *viz.*, 1. To insure the lives of the deaf, and the deaf and dumb, most of whom are unable to insure with other companies or associations. 2. To insure not only those two classes of people, but hearing people also. 4. Last, but by no means least, to provide for the future necessities of the wives, widows, orphans, or other friends of all who procure policies from the Association.

Not only *males* are admitted, but the door of admittance to our Association also stands "ajar" for the benefit of *female* members. This Association makes no exceptions in favor of either of the sexes. After a proper medical examination is passed in favor of the applicant, a favorable certificate from the examining physicians entitles the applicant, by payment of the initiatory fee of $5.00, and an advance assessment in proportion to his or her age, to a certificate of membership in the Association. The advance assessments are made in order to provide for the first death-loss which may occur; and, to provide the treasury with ready funds with which to adjust succeeding death-losses, immediately upon the death of a member, each member of the Association will be assessed as provided for in the by-laws.

Unlike other assessment associations which collect quarterly dues from each of their members of from $1 to $1.50, $2 00, $2.50, or $6.00, added to from $6.00 to $10.00 initiatory fees, the Deaf-Mutes' Mutual Benefit Association requires only a $5.00 initiatory fee, and *no other dues* save in case of death of a member, provided for by the by-laws, except in rare cases, and in case of our annual dues of $1.00. The reason why our assessments are so low, is because we have no high-salaried officers to enrich themselves from its treasury at the expense of the members. The only paid officer of the Association is the Secretary-treasurer, and he is only paid for time and labor actually spent and rendered.

Associations which do not, like ours, require annual dues, collect much higher assessment rates, aggregating to their members a much greater total expense than ours, their assessment ranging from $1.00 to $8.00 or more per member, whereas our assessment notes, as per schedule, are but from $0.50 to $2.50. No life association can be found in America worked upon a better plan, or at so small expense to members as ours.

When we attain to a membership of 2,500, which we soon shall, if every available deaf and hearing man and woman will become members, we shall pay each and every death-loss the full amount of $3,000. Until that time arrives we shall pay death-losses, immediately upon proper proof of the death of a member, the amount of once the schedule rate of assessment upon each member of the Association.

The difference in cost in favor of our Association, compared with the old-line companies, in a few years, amounts to a sum which will enable many a man or woman to pursue their adopted occupation without the fears and realities of poverty unequal to the payment of their debts, the foreclosure of mortgages, bankruptcy and abject poverty—perhaps ending with almshouse life and death.

We need not multiply words farther. Sufficient has been said already to convince the most skeptical that our Association presents more advantageous and generous terms for members than any other heretofore or at present in existence, and no man or woman who sincerely regards the interests of their children or other dear friends, can but admit that it is well to be insured.

This Association admits members between the ages of 20 and 56 years, who reside in any portion of the United States lying north of the 36th parallel of latitude.

It is hoped that all will see the propriety of insuring in this trustworthy Association.

For farther particulars or by laws, apply personally, or by correspondence to

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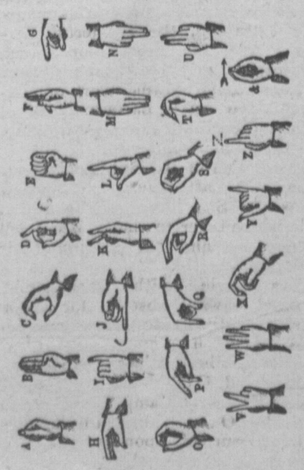
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